WARREN MAGAZINE

ALL NEW STORIES FEATURING THE BEST HORROR-ADVENTURE STARS

EERIE

EERIE #52

NOV. 1973

PDC 75¢ 563206

WHO WILL DIE?

THE MUMMY, THE WEREWOLF OR DAX THE WARRIOR...

"DEATH RIDES THIS NIGHT"

INTRODUCING: HUNTER, THE DEMON KILLER FROM THE FUTURE!

Page 27

WEREWOLF!

THE EXCITING GAME OF DETECTIVE SKILL!

Hours of mysterrific fun are yours when you play WEREWOLF, Vanguella's engrossing detective game. It's great fun for the entire family. And it's complete in this special summer issue.

See the inside back cover for assembly instructions.

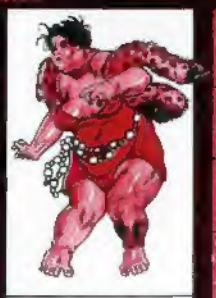
HOW TO PLAY

WEREWOLF is a game of detective skill for two to six players. In it, there is a werewolf living in one of the five houses on the game board. And the werewolf has committed a murder! Each player is attempting to discover three things: (1) WHO is the WEREWOLF (2) WHO did the WEREWOLF murder? and (3), in which HOUSE was the murder committed? The first player to solve the crime and answer all three questions, wins the game!

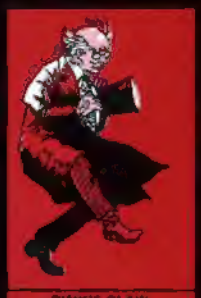
SPINNER ARROW

PAWNS

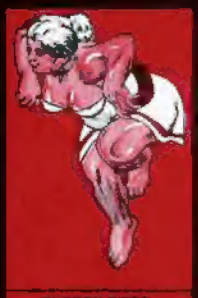
RED PEEPERS



SCARLET O'HARE



PINKIE CLAW



CHERRY PITTS

THE SCARLET CRIMSON

RUBY LISP

PLAYER CARDS

RED PEEPERS WEREWOLF

CHERRY PITTS WEREWOLF

RUBY LISP WEREWOLF

PINKIE CLAW WEREWOLF

SCARLET O'HARE WEREWOLF

CRIMSON PIMP WEREWOLF

OGRE'S CASTLE

SLAUGHTER HOUSE

HOUSE OF HUSHER

HOUSE OF THE BASKERVILLES

HOUSE OF COMMONERS

RED PEEPERS THE VICTIM

CHERRY PITTS THE VICTIM

RUBY LISP THE VICTIM

PINKIE CLAW THE VICTIM

SCARLET O'HARE THE VICTIM

CRIMSON PIMP THE VICTIM

HOW TO START

Once you have followed the instructions on the inside cover and your game is completely assembled, each player chooses one pawn . . . the pawn he will be throughout the game. A player may choose to be PINKIE CLAW, SCARLET O'HARE, RUBY LISP, RED PEEPERS, CHERRY PITTS, or THE CRIMSON PIMPERNEL.

The CARDS are then distributed and placed face down in three separate piles: The cards naming the WEREWOLF in one pile, the cards naming the VICTIM in another, and the cards with the names of the HOUSES in the third pile. One card should be chosen from each pile and placed on the board, upside down! These three cards hold the name of the VICTIM, the name of the WEREWOLF, and the HOUSE where the werewolf murdered his victim.

TO BEGIN

Place all player's pawns in the Ogre's Castle. The player who spins the highest number moves first. The player on his left spins to move next, and so on. Each player will move his pawn the number of spaces he twirls on the spinner.

Players may move in ANY DIRECTION they wish, and proceed to the house they believe the WEREWOLF has committed his foul deed. Once they are in the house, they may make an ACCUSATION.

To make an ACCUSATION, the player simply states: "I believe the werewolf is . . . (name one player), the victim is . . . (name another), and the murder was committed in this house!" The player must name ALL THREE correctly to win the game. However, if any player holds a card that can disprove another's accusation, he must show that card to the player making the accusation. Only ONE card is needed to be shown to disprove any accusation at any one time.

OUR COVER
"Death Rides This Night." But who will DIE? Arthur Lemming, Werewolf? The Mummy? Or the infallable Dax the warrior?

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EERIE NO. 52, PUBLISHED MONTHLY EXCEPT MAY, OCTOBER & DECEMBER BY WARREN PUBLISHING CO. PRICE 75¢ PER COPY. SUBSCRIPTION 9 ISSUES (INCLUDING SPECIAL SUMMER ISSUE AND SPECIAL CHRISTMAS ISSUE) FOR $9.00 IN THE U.S. CANADA AND ELSEWHERE $11.00. EDITORIAL & BUSINESS OFFICES AT 145 EAST 32nd STREET, N.Y. 10016. SECOND CLASS MAIL PRIVILEGE PENDING AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. ENTIRE CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1973 BY WARREN PUBLISHING CO. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD UNDER THE UNIVERSAL COPYRIGHT CONVENTIONS, THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT CONVENTION, AND THE PAN AMERICAN COPYRIGHT CONVENTION. NOTHING MAY BE REPRODUCED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. CONTRIBUTIONS ARE INVITED PROVIDED THAT RETURN POSTAGE & ENVELOPE ARE ENCLOSED; OTHERWISE MATERIAL CANNOT BE RETURNED. SORRY, NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ACCEPTED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIAL. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

EERIE

4 **DEAR COUSIN EERIE** "I just can't believe it," cries reader Dwight Decker of Ohio, "*Marvin the Dead-Thing* was a story with warmth and heart! Truly great!" More letters!

6 **THE EERIE EYE** It's no secret! Some of our writers use *phoney names.* But this weirdo *Bruce Bezaire* refuses to change his name to something a little more *believable.*

7 **AND THE MUMMY WALKS** His mind trapped in the body of a centuries old *mummy,* Jerome Curry is forced into a town where *madness* prevails, a town of *ghouls!*

17 **CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF** Arthur Lemming, bruised, beaten and chased from his home stumbled into a gypsy encampment. And the *werewolf* meets a gypsy *witch.*

27 **HUNTER: DEMON-KILLER** The war is *over!* There is nothing left. No technology. No humanity. *Few men!* There is a *new race* now. A race of mutants. The *Demons!*

37 **THE BEHEADED** Bianca Eden was raped and beheaded nearly two hundred years ago. Now she stalks her castle in search of her own head . . . or a suitable *replacement* for it!

47 **THE GOLDEN KRIS** It is said there is a *sword* that can make a man a *king.* And on the bloody streets of the Barbary Coast there are *cutthroats* who dream of *royalty!*

55 **DAX THE WARRIOR** The battle has long since been silenced. Only bloody remains of men litter the field . . . no more than *meat* for the buzzards. Among them the mighty *Dax!*

75 **WEREWOLF** Who's the real *werewolf?* Is it *Ruby Lisp? Pinkie Claw?* or *Scarlet O'Hare?* There's only *one* werewolf. And it could be *you* when you play the *free* game, in this issue!

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"Marvin's DEAD-THING gets a rise out of readers!"

EERIE #49 was a good magazine all-around, combining good art with good stories. The cover was terrific. Let's have more like it!

I was a little disappointed with the MUMMY. There just didn't seem to be a story there. On the other hand, the WEREWOLF was excellent! It had a certain touch of irony I liked.

DAX THE WARRIOR was excellent this issue. Having vampires in the story was a good idea! Let's keep Dax going—he has the touch EERIE needs.

One more thing, Cuz . . . we miss your face! I counted it up and found you introduced only one story, and answered only one letter! Where did you go? Come on and show your lovable face and give those witty answers to letters!

ED SADOWSKY
Thunder Bay, Ont.

You've got a point there, Ed! The mag needs more of my handsome pan to give it some class!

Having just read CREEPY #54, and EERIE #49, I feel compelled to comment. It seems that you are going with the trend that most of your competitors are following. Perhaps your sales will increase. I know absolutely nothing about business, but from an aesthetic point of view, the formats of your stories are deteriorating into "mood sensationalism." I am not the least bit intrigued with your DRACULA, WEREWOLF, or MUMMY series. Series of this sort generally have nothing refreshing about them.

Although I buy your magazines strictly for the art, stories such as "The Death of a Friend" do nothing to endear me to them.

The only thing that saved "Marvin, the Dead-Thing" was Moroto's art. From the narrative point of view, the story revealed nothing. As a matter of fact, the story would have been perfect if no words at all had been used.

I did like "The Alien Nation" however. I think you should aim more for that type of writing, with stories that carry themselves to logical conclusions, rather than ones that spring the cheap, quick, letdown endings.

CHUNG WONG
New York, N.Y.

Almost everybody had to comment about Esteban Moroto's new DEAD-THING series. One reader called Moroto's characterization "repulsive and slimy—just right for a walking mudpile!"

Issue #49 was very well done. The Enrich cover did attract my attention but I hesitated in buying it probably because there was no background. If there had been a background, such as one of swamps and trees, I would have bought it instantly.

Your letters column would be more interesting if you had more pictures to illustrate it and answered readers' questions. As for **Phil Seuling's** editorial, I couldn't make a judgment because there weren't enough facts to go by.

Esteban Maroto's art on the DEAD THING was great. He's about the best artist I've ever seen in comics. The story was okay, I suppose. It was sad. Yet, it finished with a happy note. I particularly enjoyed the rather humorous approach the story took. **Mr. Maroto**'s characterization was repulsive and slimy—just right for a walking mudpile! **Mr. Milgrom**'s story was pretty good, too. It'll make a great series.

The artwork for "Curse of the Werewolf" belonged in a four-color comic book and not in a black and white horror magazine. I didn't care for the werewolf interpretation by **Mr. Buckler** and **Mr. Dubay**, but **Mr. Milgrom**'s story was again, pretty good.

The artist-writer team of **Paul Neary** and **Rich Margopoulos** is the best I've ever seen! The story and art for "The Alien Nation" mixed together so well it was truly a masterpiece. You should use the team again. **Mr. Neary**'s stylish way of combining different events in the story into one is both interesting and enjoyable. Although the ending was rather awkward, the story developed well and could have been the best one in the issue.

I think your series are great. Keep them coming.

MAX LONG
Peoria, Ill.

Ever since being spellbound by the cover on #48, I have been a fan of yours. Keep your fabulous DAX THE WARRIOR series.

About science-fiction and horror . . . what's the difference? To tell you the truth, I don't know. Some fans complain: "Get rid of sci-fi!" Well, if they can tell the difference, I wish they would tell me.

THE BIRD
Beloit, Wis.

The difference between the two is easy to spot, Birdie! If a character gets torn apart by a robot, the story's sci-fi! If by a werewolf, it's horror!

I don't usually read the **Warren** magazines because the stories are too brutal. It seems as though the writers enjoy kicking characters around for no more reason than to kill them off at the end of the story. Why anyone would want to read story after story of death after death, I could never understand.

The story "Fear Itself" is a good example. A pointless story about a mentally ill man whose madness leads him to mistake his own daughter for one of his imagined "persecutors." This is not the kind of story I like to read! I like stories about admirable characters, heroes if you will, who the reader can like and feel he knows. Heroes doing good, adventurous things, and winding up with happy endings.

Warren has not published very many stories like that.

But the reason for this letter is not to chastise you completely, but to congratulate you for your story "Marvin, the Dead-Thing." A **Warren** story with **warmth** and **heart!** I can't believe it! More stories like this one and I might even start reading regularly!

DWIGHT R. DECKER
Westerville, Ohio

We're glad you liked "Marvin," Dwight, but most of our readers seem to enjoy the kind of stories you don't. It's hard to please everyone . . . but we're trying!

Issue #48 was great and the cover by **Sanjulian** was fantastic. "The Son of Dracula" was the best story in the magazine. "Think of Me and I'll Be There" was corny. But good.

RAY H. RODECKER
Queens, N.Y.

EERIE #49 has to be the worst issue of your magazine that I have ever read. All the stories (with the exception of DAX THE WARRIOR) are either boring or stale. C'mon, Cousin Eerie!

Well, I guess you are entitled to one poor issue after all the years of terror and excitement you have given us.

JUAN BORRAS
Miami, Fla.

Today was the first time I've read your magazine. And I liked it. I think yours is about the best horror magazine around! Keep publishing and I'll keep buying!

Please publish more stories about DRACULA! They're exciting.

A pleased reader—

DORIS HARCLERODE
Garden Springs, West Vir.

"Marvin is different! Good!"

I would like to second the suggestion of **Richard Clark** of Pekin, Ind. that you adapt the late, lamented TV series "Dark Shadows" to the pages of EERIE. I too would like to see **Barnabas Collins** and all the rest of the gang gracing the pages of EERIE.

One thing, though. I would not like to see the "Dark Shadows" adaptations appear at the expense of your DRACULA series, which so far has been superb, far better than anything else in EERIE. In fact, I was somewhat distressed by the absence of the bloodthirsty Count from the pages of EERIE #49. I will be very much surprised if you aren't deluged with complaints.

I, for one, was glad to see the end of the Conjuress. She was getting to be too much of a Deus ex Machina. All the writer had to do to get Dracula out of a tight spot was to bring in the Conjuress to save the day. Our anti-hero should be able to get himself out of any jams. Besides, the Conjuress was a bad "good-influence" on Dracula, in a way.

JAMES W. TAYLOR
Valley Station, Ky.

With EERIE #49, the readership was introduced to **Warren's** answer to all the other "glob-monsters" in comics. Now we have a creature with the unlikely name of "Marvin, the Dead Thing." Yet, with all his similarities to other characters, Marvin is different. He loved a girl enough to make her one like himself after her death. But, is this really love? I wonder if I would make someone I love into a hideous monster? It seems like a harsh thing to do.

The werewolf episode was too short for me. I guess the first two stories in this series were mainly introductory and the really heavy plots will be saved for later.

What really tore me up about the mag was the exclusion of DRACULA. You could have left out the lesser MUMMY series in favor of the Prince of Darkness. I suppose you felt that since Dax fought a vampire in his story, it wouldn't do to have two vampire stories in one ish.

I would like to say that your fanzine reviews have been a blessing to me, since I've been trying to find a way to order one. Thank you.

RONNIE BLAIR
Cumberland, Ky.

You could always fall in love with somebody who already IS a hideous monster, Ronnie! Think of the trouble you'd save!

I've almost always been satisfied with your magazine and I consider my subscription a worthwhile investment. But, a few words need to be said about #49.

First off, do yourself and your readers a favor and drop "Dead Thing." With all the "Things" loose in comics these days, one more is ridiculous. Besides, a look at **Esteban Maroto's** artwork on "Dead Thing" in comparison with his work on DAX will show which one he enjoys working on the most.

Don't feel bad, Cuz. Nobody's perfect. You still run the greatest of horror mags, even though your two closest competitors, CREEPY and VAMPIRELLA, have gone to eight pages of uh . . . er . . . color.

BRIAN RATHBUN
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

I just read EERIE #49 and I'm writing to tell you how great it was. I really enjoyed the DEAD THING story. It was all about loneliness and how it feels to be lonely. I could empathize with that because I feel lonely sometimes, too. Keep up the good work, Cuz! I buy all your mags and read every page!

KEITH DURBIN
Creston, Ill.

Esteban Moroto is a master artist. Unfortunately he is not such a great writer. His stories are usually mixed up, and his endings too abrupt. But DAX THE WARRIOR in issue #49 was different.

AL CRAWFORD
Hammond, Ind.

I sent for a back issue of EERIE (#19) and it turned out to be the best EERIE I've ever read. Why don't you have more blood and guts and heads being chopped off? You used to, and if you still did, I'd be sure to buy your mag every month.

But now I'm getting disgusted with all this stupid, junky science-fiction.

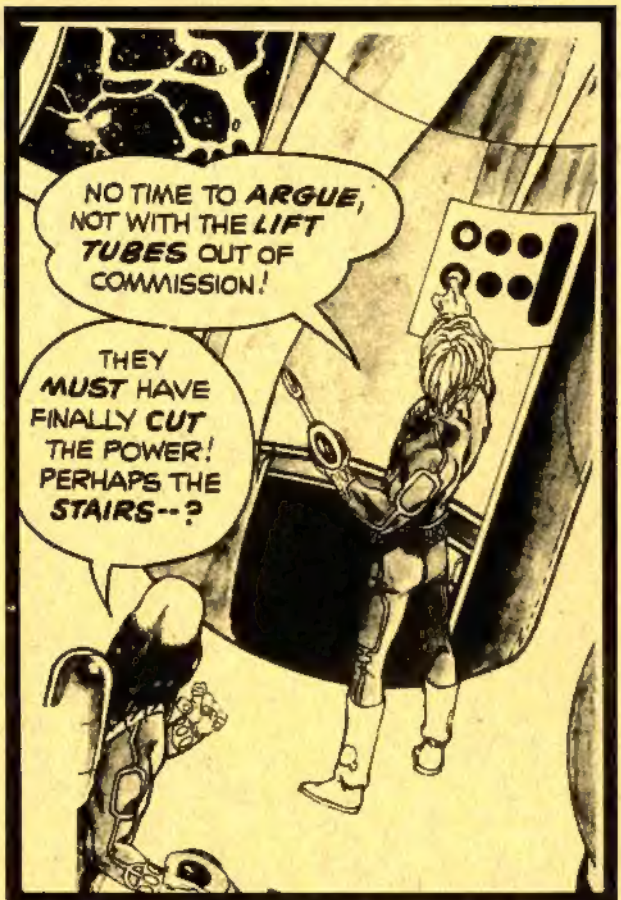
You're going to lose all of your readers to VAMPIRELLA and CREEPY this way.

JIMMY THORNEDYKE
St. Louis, Mo.

The cover of EERIE #49 **stunk!** You're drawing little girls better than monsters! But . . . the insides were **great!** "Curse of the Werewolf" was the best story of all. The art was much better than usual. Three cheers for **Rich Buckler** and **Bill DuBay!**

"Marvin the Dead Thing" was a nice change of pace.

FRANK AMATULLI
Elmont, N.Y.



"The Alien Nation"—reader Chung Wong liked it so much he wants more stories like it. Other readers don't like sci-fi and want horror in a more supernatural vein. What do you think?

Being a fan of yours since issue #12, I was amazed at issue #49. Your stories were not only dull but corny as well. "Marvin the Dead-Thing" was good at the start, but became so corny I thought I was going to become ill. I thought "The Death of a Friend" was just a waste of time and pages. "Curse of the Werewolf" was a fairly good story and the best one in the issue. "The Alien Nation" was average but "Fear Itself" was another waste of time. All in all, your forty-ninth issue was not your best work and I hope your next issue will be better. I'll still buy it.

R. AUTREY
Selma, Ala.

EERIE #49 was one of the best issues I've read! I really enjoyed the story "One Is The Loneliest Number," and not just because the art by **Esteban Moroto** was at its usual high. The story by **Al Milgrom** was great, too!

Jaime Brocal did the best artwork on the MUMMY that I've seen from him. The story wasn't so good, but it was interesting, at least.

The DAX THE WARRIOR story was as good as ever this time around. The vampire **Moroto** drew resembles Count Orlak from the 1922 film classic, **Nosferatu.**

KEVIN ALTIERI
Southington, Conn.

The eerie BIRD catches the WORM!

But what does he do with it once he's caught it? Could I interest you in a bowl of worm chowder, fellow fiends? While it's heating up, why don't you sit down and write me a letter?

DEAR COUSIN EERIE
c/o Warren Publishing Co.
145 E. 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

The EERIE EYE

HERE'S THE BIZARRE STORY BEHIND

BRUCE BEZAIRE

THE CREEPY WRITER WITH THE EERIE NAME

There used to be a time when the only writers who would touch stories of terror and the macabre, were authors born with names like **Smith, Jones** or **Doe.** Of course, undramatic names like these were quickly **changed,** and in print, Sam **Smith** became known as Sam **Slaughter,** Fred **Jones** magically became Fred **Fate** and John **Doe** was replaced by John **Justice!**

Sometimes these pseudonyms were created by lusty editors who wanted to "spice up" their publications. But more often than not, they were conceived by the **writer,** who didn't particularly want his friends and relatives to know he was contributing to a (heaven's forbid) "horror" magazine.

This practice of writers hiding their real identity from the public still continues today. However it's toned down a bit from the good old days when the pocket pulps were crammed-pack with **Slaughters, Fates, Justices** and more! Today, readers are more sophisticated and can spot a phony name a mile off.

Which brings us to introducing the newest member of our writing staff, **Bruce Bezaire!**

We can hear you now, **"Bruce Bezaire,** the **bizarre** comics writer? Who're you guys trying to kid?!" Honest, that's his real name!

We told Bruce nobody would believe it! We even asked him to change his name to something a little more realistic . . . like **Sam Smith** or **John Jones!** He refused! He said his mother always wanted him to **grow up** and become a **horror writer!**

So half of his mother's wish is fulfilled anyway!

The first of Bruce's contributions to the **Warren** magazines is the short story, "Old Texas Road" in this month's VAMPIRELLA. Like most of Bruce's work, it's a macabre shocker. Strong on solid **horror!** He's also teamed up with artist **Rich Buckler** on a thriller entitled "Snow," forthcoming in an issue of CREEPY. And his new series for EERIE, "Night of the Jackass" is just weird enough to keep you hanging on for issues to come.

Bruce's statistics aren't nearly as impressive as his writing. But we'll list them anyway. He was born and raised in Windsor, Ontario, Canada, where he now teaches at the University of Windsor. **That's** his life story.

His measurements? A neat 36-36-36. (His height, width and hat size.) His big goal in life? Bruce's only wish is to live to see the day editors stop encouraging him to change his name to **Sam Smith!** •

A chilling nightmare world where man's only threat is himself. "Snow," a forthcoming epic by Rich Buckler and Bruce Bezaire.

The EDITOR'S BOX

Now that you're all snuggled up with this magazine, leisurely relaxing in your own little fantasy world, we hate to be the ones to shatter your dreams with **reality.** But sometimes reality is necessary.

The awful truth of the matter is: **summer's almost over.** The good times, the leisurely do-nothing days, the beautiful weather . . . all of it, is almost **gone!** Soon vacations will end and you'll be returning to school or work. And all that will remain of the summer are a few warm, lingering **memories.**

But what's the point of bringing this all up? Summer's not over **yet,** right? The point is only this: it's been a beautiful summer for **us** here at **Warren Publishing Company.** But it wouldn't have been half as beautiful without **you.**

Whether you realize it or not, **you,** the reader, make all our efforts **worthwhile.**

Everything we've done this summer . . . the **games,** the **posters,** the **color stories . . . everything! . . .** it's all been done with the hope that it would somehow make this summer better for **you!**

We continually strive for **perfect magazines.** We don't always succeed. Sometimes we fall **flat on our faces!** But we **try!** And this summer we hope we've been successful in entertaining you . . . even if for just a short time.

Unlike the summer, however, this doesn't have to **end.** Whether you return to school or work, we hope that you'll find a bit of extra time for the latest issues of CREEPY, EERIE and VAMPIRELLA. We'll be here with more games, more posters, and more of the absolute **best** in comic art!

We hope you'll be here to share it with us!

FANZINE REVIEWS

FANZINES are amateur publications produced by comic book fans, geared to an audience with a similar interest in comics. They contain a diversity of material, from historical articles on comics of the **past,** to discussions of **current** comics and news of comics **yet to come!** Fanzines are available **only** by MAIL, direct from their publishers! We think you'll enjoy reading some of the better examples from the present fanzine market!

BARNEY'S COMIX
6051 Scenic Avenue
Hollywood, Ca. 90068
15¢

Uncle Barney's Comix is one of those truly rare fanzines that manages to combine a wealth of fascinating, high-quality material with an unbelievably low price. This excellent magazine focuses on cartooning in both animation and comic strips. Each issue features the latest news in the animation industry, as well as several pages of top quality amateur comic strips. Issue #5 includes an interview with **Doug Wildey,** creator-artist of the comic strip, "Ambler."

ROCKET'S BLAST
9875 S.W. 212 Street
Miami, Florida 33157
$1.00

Fanzines come and go, but The Rocket's Blast-Comicollector seemingly lasts forever. It's the oldest continuously published comics fanzine in the world. And with good reason. While each issue features an excellent assortment of columns, articles, indexes, and artwork by fandom's best, RB-CC is noted primarily for its advertising. If you want to buy or sell old or new comics, movie or nostalgia items, Rocket's Blast-Comicollector is the fanzine for you!

ETCETERA
393 East 58 Street
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11203
60¢

Intelligent, well-written fanzines are a hard thing to find these days. Rarer still are ones that are reasonably priced. Etcetera's high quality and low price succeed admirably at fulfilling these qualifications. It's pages are filled with entertaining articles on comics. Star Trek, fan conventions, and related subjects. What's more, Etcetera features exceptional layout and printing that makes it an enjoyable 'zine to read. Well-worth its 60¢ price tag.

THE MUMMY WALKS

HE IS *CALM* NOW...THIS DECAYING, FETID, BANDAGED THING! AND AS HE COLLECTS HIMSELF AFTER A NIGHT OF *INSANITY*, HE LOOKS TO THE SKY, REALIZING IT IS NOW NEARING *SUNRISE!*

THERE ARE THINGS TO BE DONE. SLOWLY, ON CUMBERSOME, TIRED LIMBS, HE RETURNS TO THE MUSEUM ...TO THE BODY THAT ONCE WAS HIS...

...WAS HIS BEFORE HE TRANSFERRED HIS MIND INTO THIS OTHER BODY, THIS BODY OF POWER, THEN DISCOVERED HE COULD NOT TRANSFER BACK...

PRESERVATION! SOMEWHERE, IN THE BACK OF HIS BE-FOGGED MIND, IS THE PROPER MEMORY. HIS READINGS IN EGYPTOLOGY--THEY HAVE TOLD HIM THAT HIS TRUE BODY WILL REMAIN PRESERVED SO LONG AS HIS MIND CONTINUES TO EXIST...

BUT THE BODY MUST BE HIDDEN--THAT IS WHAT NOW HAS TO BE DONE! THIS APPARENTLY LIFELESS BODY--IT MUST NOT BE FOUND, MUST NOT BE BURIED OR DESTROYED...

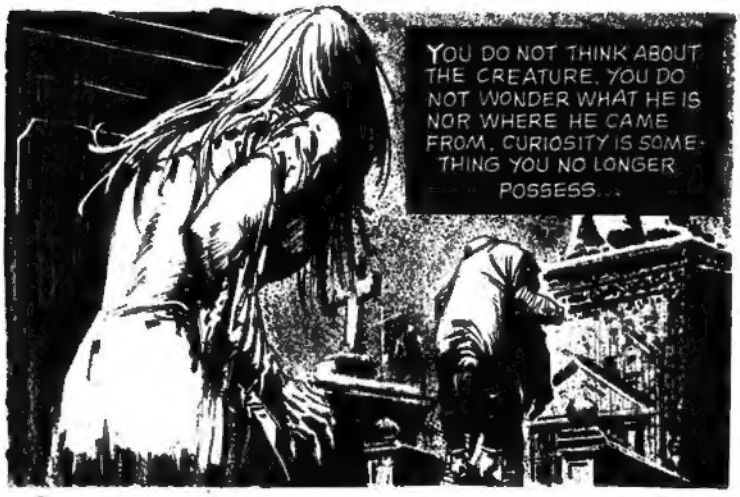
...IT MUST BE PLACED SOMEWHERE WHERE IT WILL REMAIN SAFE--YES, SOMEWHERE SAFE!

STORY: STEVE SKEATES / ART: JAIME BROCAL

QUITE A BIT OF TIME HAS PASSED SINCE THIS MAN TRANSFERRED HIS MIND ONCE TOO OFTEN INTO THE BODY OF THE MUMMY... FOR, WHILE THE MUMMY STALKED THE CITY, THE AMULET THAT WAS AROUND THE NECK OF HIS TRUE BODY WAS STOLEN -- THE ALL-IMPORTANT AMULET THAT MUST BE ABOUT THE BODY IF THE TRANSFERENCE IS TO BE ACHIEVED. NOW IF HE CANNOT FIND AND REGAIN THIS PRECIOUS TRINKET, JEROME CURRY'S MIND WILL FOREVER BE TRAPPED WITHIN THIS LOATHESOME BODY...

YOU HAUNT THE GRAVE-YARD...SEARCHING THE CRYPTS...SEARCHING FOR FRESH FLESH TO FEED UPON.... THEN YOU SEE HIM... YOU SEE THE CREATURE ...AND MORE IMPORTANTLY...YOU SEE WHAT HE CARRIES..

GHOULISH ENCOUNTER



NOW, YOUR MADNESS ALLOWS YOU TO THINK ONLY OF YOURSELF -- YOURSELF AND YOUR PERVERTED HUNGER. NOW, YOU STARE AT THE BODY THE THING CARRIES AND YOUR MOUTH FILLS, OVERFLOWING WITH SALIVA

HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE YOU WERE NORMAL? HOW LONG SINCE YOU AND THE MAN YOU LOVED, YOUR HUSBAND OF BUT LESS THAN TWO WEEKS, WERE ACCIDENTALLY LOCKED IN THAT DANK AND DISMAL BASEMENT? MONTHS?... YEARS? YOU DO NOT KNOW, DO YOU?

IT'S NO GOOD! IT JUST WON'T OPEN!

YOU POUNDED AND YOU SHOUTED AND YOU SCREAMED--YOU REMEMBER THAT MUCH--BUT NO ONE HEARD. NO FOOD. REMEMBER HOW YOUR HUNGER GREW, HOW YOUR STOMACH TWISTED AND KNOTTED ABOUT ITSELF AS THE DAYS PASSED?

WE CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS!

I'VE GOT TO TRY'N REACH THAT WINDOW AGAIN!

I'VE GOT TO BE ABLE TO SQUEEZE OUT OF THAT WINDOW...

...THEN COME BACK AND UNLOCK THE DOOR!

BE CAREFUL, DEAR!

OOP!

KLOMP

OH MY GOD! NO! NO!

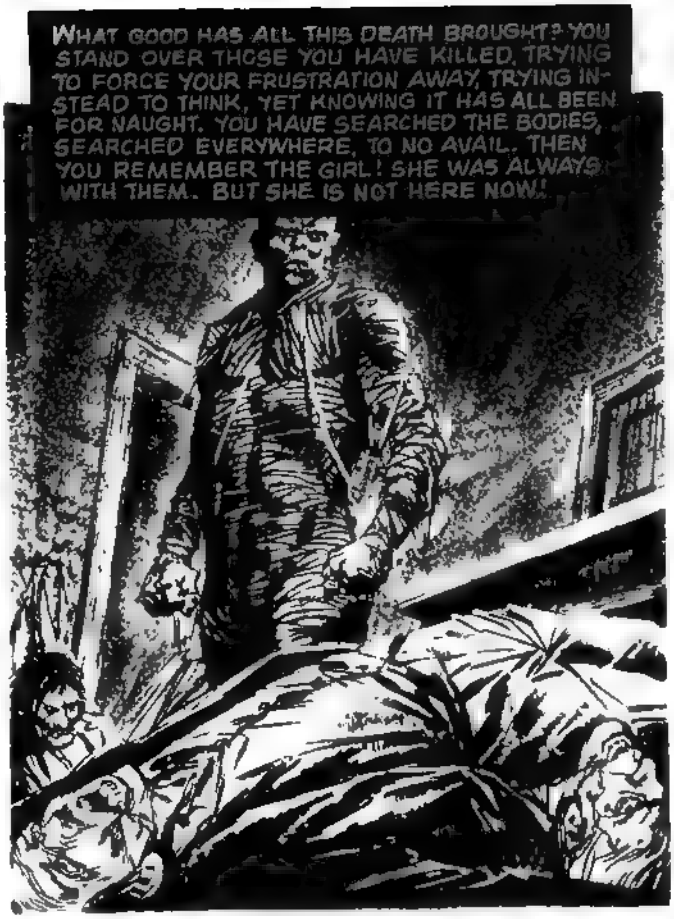
AND NOW, WILL YOUR CRAZED MIND ALLOW YOU TO THINK BACK AND RECALL HOW YOU SIMPLY SAT THERE IN SHOCK, STARING AT HIS LIFELESS BODY... FOR DAYS AND DAYS. AND DO YOU REMEMBER HOW THE HOLLOW, PERSISTENT PAIN IN YOUR GUT GREW AND GREW, PUSHING YOUR MIND INTO MADNESS...

...UNTIL, AT LAST, YOU COULD STAND NO MORE... AND YOUR MIND FINALLY SNAPPED!
TAKING HIM WITHIN YOURSELF. A SMILE CROSSING YOUR COUNTENANCE AS THE HOLLOW HUNGER DISSIPATED...
YOU WANTED MORE AND MORE. HE COULD NO LONGER GIVE, SO YOU WOULD TAKE! YES! MORE! MORE!
AND DAYS LATER...
SOMEONE COMING!
I'M SAVED!
BUT-- GOTTA GET OUT-- FAST!
HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

HAZY MEMORIES, SINCE THEN, YOU HAVE LIVED HERE IN THIS BLEAK CEMETERY...SEARCHING AND FEEDING BY NIGHT. NOW YOU LOOK ON AS A CREATURE LEAVES THE CRYPT HE JUST ENTERED--LEAVES IT ALONE! NOW YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR NEXT MEAL SHALL BE!

YOU SEE THE MUSEUM ARTIFACTS... AND YOU PUSH THE THIEVES, FROZEN IN FEAR, ASIDE ... TO REACH THEM!
IT IS ALL THERE ...YES, EVERYTHING-- EXCEPT THE AMULET--THE ALL-IMPORTANT AMULET!
YOU WANT TO ASK WHERE IT IS. YOU WANT TO KNOW. BUT YOU CANNOT SPEAK. YOU CAN ONLY SHAKE THOSE RESPONSIBLE.
...AND SHOVE THEM!
THUD!
...AND KILL!
...YOUR FRUSTRATION MOUNTING, THE OTHER MIND WITHIN THIS AWESOME BODY OF YOURS LAUGHING -- THE ANCIENT, ORIGINAL MIND-- LAUGHING AT YOUR FAILURE, AT YOUR FRUSTRATION!

THE GATE-DOOR TO THE CRYPT CREAKS OPEN ON RUSTED, ANCIENT HINGES.


WHAT GOOD HAS ALL THIS DEATH BROUGHT? YOU STAND OVER THOSE YOU HAVE KILLED, TRYING TO FORCE YOUR FRUSTRATION AWAY, TRYING INSTEAD TO THINK, YET KNOWING IT HAS ALL BEEN FOR NAUGHT. YOU HAVE SEARCHED THE BODIES, SEARCHED EVERYWHERE, TO NO AVAIL. THEN YOU REMEMBER THE GIRL! SHE WAS ALWAYS WITH THEM. BUT SHE IS NOT HERE NOW!

YOU CANNOT RECALL HER NAME, BUT YOU SEE HER FACE IN YOUR MIND. AND YOU REMEMBER WHERE SHE ONCE LIVED. YOU WERE THERE WITH HER ONCE, YEARS AGO. PERHAPS *SHE* IS THE ONE WHO HAS THE AMULET.

YET, IF ONLY YOU KNEW, IT SURELY WOULD NOT BE HER, BUT ANOTHER GIRL YOU WOULD BE CONCERNED ABOUT--OR CAN WE CALL HER *"A GIRL"* -- THIS THING THAT HAS BEGUN ITS FEAST?

THE SUN IS ABOUT TO BREAK OVER THE HORIZON AS YOU LEAVE THE MUSTY THIEVES' DEN...
DON'T DARE GO SEARCHING FOR HER NOW! TOO CLOSE TO SUNRISE!... PEOPLE WILL BE UP AND ABOUT VERY SOON NOW!
DON'T WANT TO BE SEEN! HUNTED DOWN!
SHOT AT!
HAVE NO IDEA WHAT BULLETS WILL DO TO THIS BODY! AND I HAVE NO DESIRE TO FIND OUT!
HAVE TO FIND SOME-PLACE TO HIDE -- UNTIL NIGHT!
BUT WHERE?
YOU SAVOR YOUR MEAL... YOU CHEW SLOWLY SO THAT YOU CAN SUCK DOWN EVERY DROP OF COLD AND CLOTTING BLOOD. THEN, SUDDENLY, YOU HEAR THE GATE-DOOR CREAK, AND YOU TURN TO SEE HIM AS HE ENTERS ... AND THEN REARS BACK AS THOUGH IN SHOCK!
WAIT! OF COURSE!
THE CRYPT--WHERE I PUT THE BODY--MY BODY!
I'LL BE SAFE THERE!
YOU CAN ALMOST FEEL HIS ANGER, AS HE STALKS TOWARD YOU. THERE WAS PLEASURE IN DOING SOMETHING SO TRULY, BEAUTIFULLY DISGUSTING. AND THE PLEASURE WAS HEIGHTENED BY THE POSSIBILITY OF BEING CAUGHT! BUT THE ACTU-ALITY OF BEING CAUGHT IS DIFFERENT! YOU COWER...YOU WANT TO RACE FOR THE DOOR, BUT HE IS BLOCKING THE WAY!

NEARLY ALL SENSATION IS MASHED OUT OF YOU AS YOU ARE THROWN WITH UNBELIEVABLE FORCE INTO THE WALL...

AAAA
RRRRGHHH
BUT THERE IS STILL ENOUGH SENSATION FOR YOU TO FEEL AND SCREAM OUT AS THE MANY JAGGED SPEARS TEAR THROUGH YOUR FLESH...YOUR ORGANS..

YOU TURN AWAY FROM HER, KNOWING THAT HER DEATH HAS DONE YOU NO GOOD... IT WILL NOT REPAIR YOUR BODY... THEN ANOTHER WAVE OF SHOCK CRASH-BOUNDS OVER YOU...

IT IS NOT YOUR BODY, IS IT? SHE WAS FEASTING UPON ANOTHER OF THE BODIES, ONE OF THE OLDER BODIES OF THIS CRYPT

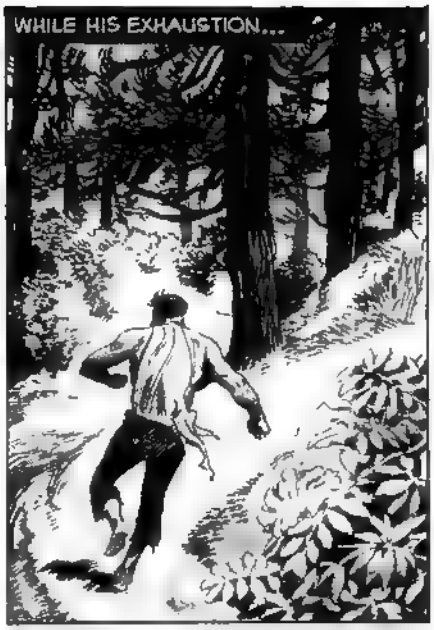
SHE WAS SO FAR GONE INTO MADNESS, SHE COULD NOT TELL A ROTTING, MAGGOT-RIDDEN BODY FROM A FRESH ONE... SHE HAD BEGUN GNAWING AT THE FIRST BODY SHE CAME UPON, AND LUCKILY IT WAS NOT YOURS. YOU STILL HAVE A CHANCE TO RECLAIM YOUR FORMER EXISTENCE. YOU WANT TO LAUGH OUT LOUD -- AND YOU WISH THAT YOU COULD!

BUT SURELY YOU WOULD NOT LAUGH IF YOU COULD BUT WITNESS THIS WOMAN WHO ELSEWHERE NOW BOARDS A COACH... IF YOU COULD BUT LOOK UPON WHAT SHE WEARS ABOUT HER NECK....

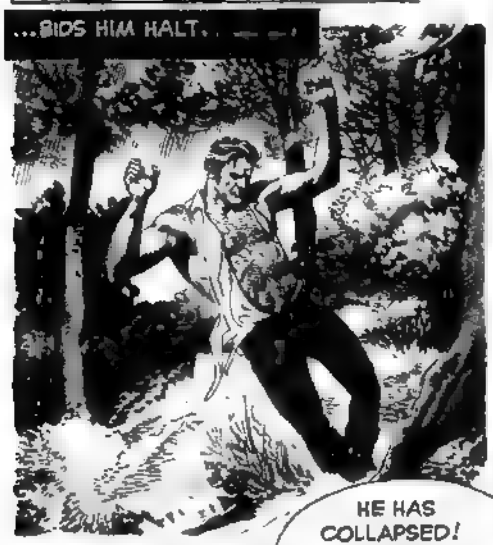
SURELY YOU WOULD NOT LAUGH, IF YOU COULD BUT SEE THE COACH, AS IT NOW DEPARTS FROM BOSTON, HEADING FOR *PARTS UNKNOWN!* NOW, CREATURE, YOU ARE EVEN *MORE* TRAPPED!

NEXT: MR. HYDE!

STORY: ALLEN MILGROM / ART: MARTIN SALVADOR



IN THE END IT IS THE EXHAUSTION OF HIS BODY WHICH MAKES THE MORE CONVINCING ARGUMENT.



TWO MEN SEPARATE THEMSELVES FROM THE CIRCLE WHICH HAS FORMED AROUND THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN AND RETURN SHORTLY WITH...
MOTHER EVA!
LOOK, MOTHER, AT WHAT HAS STUMBLED INTO OUR CAMP! SHALL WE HELP HIM, MOTHER?

THE WISE OLD EYES SEARCH THE FACE OF ARTHUR LEMMING, SEEMING TO LOOK BENEATH THE HAGGARD SURFACE. ANCIENT LIPS PART TO OFFER UP THEIR REPLY...
HELP HIM? YES, THIS WE WILL DO. FOR HERE, SURELY IS A MAN IN NEED OF HELP.

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, OPHELIA NURSES ARTHUR LEMMING BACK TO HEALTH...
UNDER THE EVER-WATCHFUL EYE OF MOTHER EVA

WITHIN A WEEK THE MAN IS WELL AGAIN, AND HE BECOMES A PART OF THE CAMP LIFE...

TO ONE...
ARTHUR...

...AN INDISPENSIBLE PART OF THAT LIFE.

HE THROWS HIMSELF FULL INTO HIS NEW EXISTENCE...
ARTHUR?
FORGETTING HIS WIFE!
ARTHUR?
FORGETTING BECAUSE HE WANTS TO FORGET. IT IS EASIER TO FORGET!
OPHELIA ..
FORGETTING BECAUSE IT IS PAINFUL TO REMEMBER... THAT HIS WIFE HAS BEEN JAILED AS A WITCH!
ARTHUR?
OHHHH! ARTHUR.!
ANGELA LEMMING... HAVING REVIEWED THE EVIDENCE PRESENTED TO THIS COURT, ONLY ONE VEREDICT IS POSSIBLE...
BUT FORGETFULNESS IS NOT ALWAYS AS EASY TO ATTAIN...
ANGELA...
...AS ONE MIGHT WISH...
GUILTY! GUILTY OF WITCHCRAFT MOST FOUL! AND YOUR SENTENCE IS... DEATH!
NOOOOOO! ARTHUR!

THE NEXT DAY...
MOTHER EVA, I'VE BEEN LIVING HERE FOR NEARLY A MONTH NOW. YET I'VE ONLY HEARD RUMORS OF YOUR STRANGE POWERS.
YOU DOUBT MY MAGIC THEN?
WELL...
PERHAPS IF YOU COULD READ MY FORTUNE...
THE MAN WHO SEEKS TO KNOW HIS OWN FUTURE IS A FOOL, AND I HAVE NO TIME FOR FOOLS!
VERY WELL, IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO DEMONSTRATE YOUR SO-CALLED POWERS...
A PAINED, INDIGNANT LOOK FLITS ACROSS THE ANCIENT VISAGE...
ENOUGH! COME TO MY WAGON TONIGHT. YOU SHALL HAVE WHAT YOU DESIRE!
GOOD!
IS IT SO GOOD? WHAT MAN SEES HIS OWN FUTURE AND LIKES WHAT HE SEES?
AT BEST, ONE SEES OLD AGE, INFIRMITY. AT WORST...
A SHUDDER SHAKES THE OLD WOMAN, A SHUDDER NOT ENTIRELY CAUSED BY THE COOL AFTERNOON BREEZE.

WITH DUSK WE FIND ARTHUR LEMMING IN THE WAGON OF MOTHER EVA.

SO, YOU WOULD STILL TAMPER WITH THE UNKNOWN?

OH COME ON, MOTHER EVA. GET ON WITH THE SHOW...

...BUT SPARE ME THE MELODRAMA.

VERY WELL, THEN. PREPARE YOURSELF. THE FUTURE WILL BE YOURS TO KNOW.

LET US HOPE THE KNOWLEDGE DOES NOT DESTROY YOU.

THE WIZENED FEATURES TAKE ON A LOOK OF DEEP CONCENTRATION, AS THE RHEUMATIC EYES SEEK TO PLUMB THE DEPTHS OF THE CRYSTAL.

BEFORE ONE MAY SEEK TO KNOW THE FUTURE, ONE MUST HAVE KNOWLEDGE OF... THE PAST.

PLACE YOUR HAND, PALM UP, NEAR THE CRYSTAL ORB, ARTHUR LEMMING.

THE OLD WOMAN CONCENTRATES MORE DEEPLY... SHE SQUINTS AT THE CRYSTAL AS IF TO PEER THROUGH MISTS OF FORGOTTEN AGES, AND THE CREASES AND FURROWS WHICH MAP HER FACE BECOME, SHOCKINGLY, EVEN MORE PRONOUNCED.

I-I BEGIN TO SEE. IMAGES ARE FORMING... THEY ARE...

THEY ARE STRANGE, FRIGHTENING IMAGES.

SO DEEP IS HER CONCENTRATION THAT MOTHER EVA FAILS TO NOTICE THE FIRST SILVER TRACERIES...

I-I SEE PAIN...

A GOSSAMEER SPIDER'S WEB SPUN WITHIN THE DEPTHS OF HER MYSTIC CRYSTAL...

A WEB SPUN BY THE CHILLING, COLD LIGHT...

I S-SEE HORROR, SUFFERING...

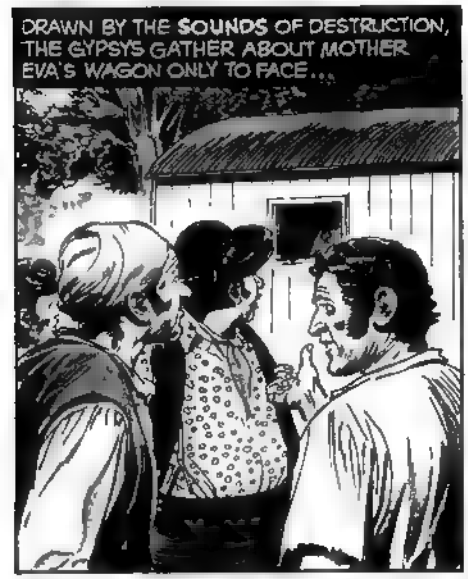
AND THE HORROR, THE TRUE HORROR, IS THAT THIS IMAGE IS NOT MERELY THE PAST...

THE SILVER LIGHT OF THE FULL MOON!

...BUT, LORD HELP YOU, THE FUTURE AS WELL!!

TUC-T-TUC

SA-KRASH!
WEREWOLF!!!
ARRRGGH
ONCE AGAIN ARTHUR LEMMING UNDERGOES THE DAMNING CURSE OF THE FULL MOON. ONCE AGAIN HE BECOMES A...

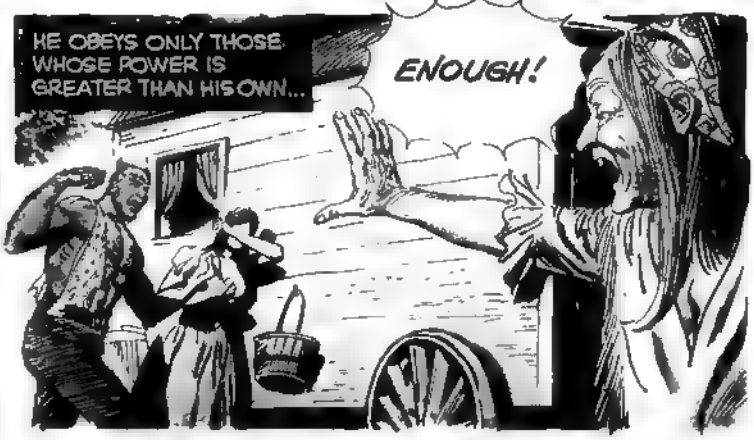

DRAWN BY THE SOUNDS OF DESTRUCTION, THE GYPSYS GATHER ABOUT MOTHER EVA'S WAGON ONLY TO FACE...

CARNAGE!
ROOWWRR!!

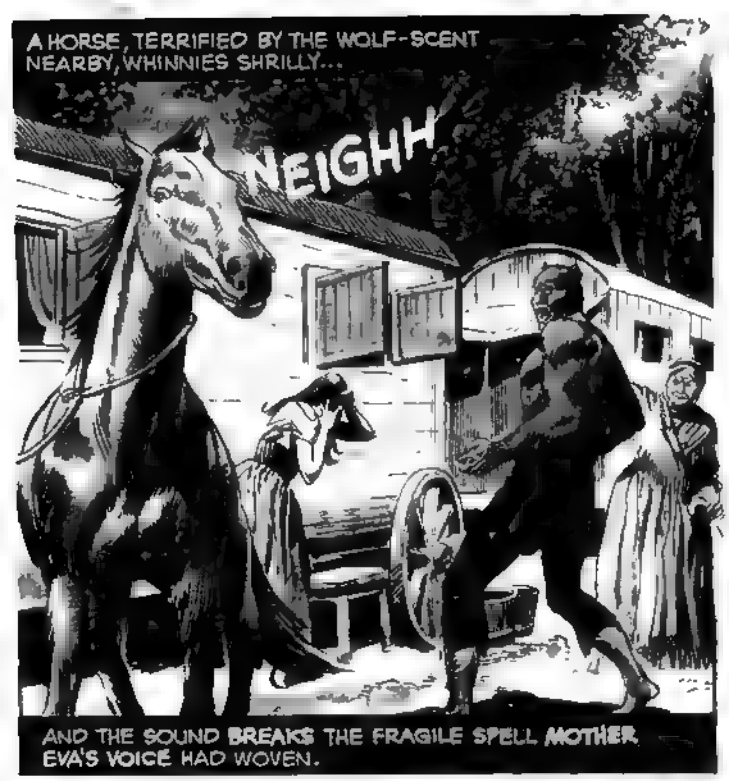
GRRAWLL!!
MEN FALL BEFORE THE BEAST LIKE WHEAT BEFORE A SCYTHE!

HE KILLS SWIFTLY...
... EASILY...
INDISCRIMINANTLY.

HE CARES NOT FOR THOSE HIS HUMAN SELF LOVES...
ARRRR-!


HE OBEYS ONLY THOSE WHOSE POWER IS GREATER THAN HIS OWN...
ENOUGH!

FILTHY ROTTING BEAST! DO NOT DARE LAY HAND TO THAT CHILD OR BY THE POWERS...


A HORSE, TERRIFIED BY THE WOLF-SCENT NEARBY, WHINNIES SHRILLY...
NEIGHH
AND THE SOUND BREAKS THE FRAGILE SPELL MOTHER EVA'S VOICE HAD WOVEN.

RROOHARR!
NOOOOOOO!

BEAST MY OPHELIA! -'CHOKE:-

HELL-SPAWNED HORROR.' SHE WAS MY GRANDDAUGHTER, DO YOU HEAR? MY GRANDDAUGHTER!

HATRED AND LOATHING PLAY ACROSS THE OLD WOMAN'S FACE, EMOTIONS WHICH ARE VENTED IN A SCATHING CURSE...
I DAMN YOU, BEAST! BY ALL THE POWERS THAT WERE, ARE, OR EVER WILL BE, I CURSE YOU!

I CURSE YOU WITH...
MEMORY!!

AS THE EPITHET SHUTTERED, THE WEREWOLF STOPS...SHUDDERS...
AND THE MEMORIES RUSH IN.
OOOOWWWWWWWLLLLLLLLLL!!!
THE AGONY OF REALIZATION SPURS THE BEAST TO EVEN GREATER FRENZY...
ARRRRRG! GLURG!
BUT LONG AFTER HIS RAKING CLAWS HAVE TORN THE LIFE FROM THE OLD WOMAN'S BODY...
LONG AFTER THAT BODY HAS BECOME AN OOZING SHAPELESS MASS OF QUIVERING FLESH...
...LONG AFTER THE KILLING IS ENDED...
THE MEMORIES REMAIN.
AND ARTHUR LEMMING, WEREWOLF, CAN NO LONGER HIDE BEHIND THE DULLED, MURDEROUS BRAIN OF A BEAST...!
NEXT: THE ROAD HOME!

STORY: RICHARD MARGOPOULOS / ART: PAUL NEARY

THE *WAR* WAS LONG OVER-- AND *WELL-SUPPRESSED*, IF NOT *HALF-FORGOTTEN*-- FOR *MOST!*

BUT, THE GROTESQUELY-GARBED, *21ST CENTURY GLADIATOR* HAS *KNOWN* TOO MUCH...

--AND *HEARD* TOO MUCH...

--AND *EXPERIENCED* TOO MUCH...

--TO EVER EASILY *FORGET!*

AND SO, HE LOGICALLY FOLLOWS HIS NATURAL *INCLINATIONS* AND INNER *COMPULSIONS*...

--TO *WAGE* HIS OWN EXTREMELY *PRIVATE* TYPE OF *WAR!*

HE WAS A *REAL* HUNTER AN HOUR AGO-- DOGGING A *DEMONS' TRAIL*... WIND-OBSCURED *TRACKS* THAT OTHERS OF *LESSER* SKILL HAD SCOFFED AT BEING *NON-EXISTENT!*

BUT, THAT WAS *60 MINUTES* PAST-- AND THERE IS NO L[illegible] *TRAIL*... AND HE IS NO LONGER A *TRUE* HUNTER!

IT IS *COLDER* THAN A *DEMON'S* THRICE-CURSED *SOUL!*

EITHER I SOON FIND *SHELTER* OF A SORT... OR FACE THE *UNHAPPY* PROSPECT MY *LIFE ENDS* HERE!

THE *WARRIOR* CAN ONLY *DRAW* HIS CLOAK *TIGHTER* AT THE NECK--AS IT FLAPS IN THE *OBSCENELY-WHISPERING* WINTER WIND... AND PRAY THE *SUIT'S* BARELY-FUNCTIONING *THERMAL-UNIT* WILL NOT FOR A WHILE *FAIL!*

YET, TRY AS HE MAY TO *DISTRACT* HIMSELF...

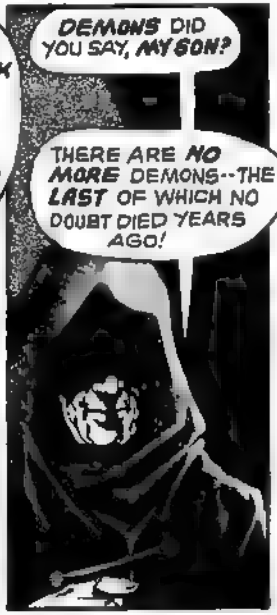
--*HUNTER* CAN NOT BANISH THE STARK *REALIZATION* HE IS SLOWLY AND *AGONIZINGLY* FREEZING TO *DEATH!*

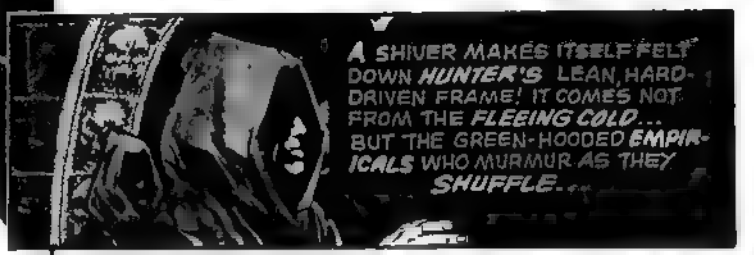
--AN END *IMPENDING*... UNLESS THE SHIVERING SCOUT CAN REACH A STONE *MONASTERY* THAT BECKONS ON THE *OTHER SIDE* OF A SNOWY CREST!

HE IS AN *ENIGMA*, THIS MAN WHO *HALF-RUNS, HALF-STAGGERS*, AS WE SHALL LEARN...

--A *SYMBIOTIC SYNTHESIS* OF MODERN *SUPER-SOLDIER* AND SAVAGE, HATE-FILLED *PRIMITIVE!*

BUT... *HOLD!* THE TRACKING *WANDERER* IS ALREADY AT THE DOOR! LET US LISTEN WHILE HE *THUMPS* HIS STAFF, AND *PROCLAIMS*...





--AND, ESPECIALLY WHEN BROTHER CHRISTOPHER INVOKES PASSION-MAD PRAISE TO THE DIETY HE PERSONALLY CLAIMS TO KNOW!
NO OTHER FORCE IN THE UNIVERSE THAT CAN BOTH CREATE AND DESTROY IS GRANDER THAN... SCIENCE!
THAT IS WHY WE WORSHIP OUR LORD AND SAVIOR... THE INTELLIGENT ONE!
BEFORE THE TIME OF THE MANY MUSHROOMS-- IN THE DIM DISTANT PAST TERMED THE SCIENTIFIC ERA..
--THE TWO GODS, TECHNOLOGY AND MANUFACTURING MATED! WE STUMBLED UPON THEIR CHILD... AND HE AQUIESCED TO BE OUR MESSIAH!
YOU CAN NOW UNDRAPE HIS COUNTENCE, BROTHER PHILIP!
I ACHIEVE GRATIFICATION WHEN ACTIVATED TO SERVE ALL OTHERS!
HOW MAY I SATISFY YOU, THE ORDER OF THE EMPIRICALS?
AND, THE QUESTIONS COME! STORM REPORTS, CROP PLANTING DATES; A NEAR-CEASELESS STREAM OF NEAR-USELESS DATA...
...ALL THE WHILE, BROTHER CHRISTOPHER PACES... AND RANTS AS HE PACES-- ABOUT THEIR ALL-KNOWING 'GOD' WHOSE SEPULCHURAL TONES PROVIDE AN ALMOST-HYPNOTIC BACKDROP!

BUT, EVEN A *MECHANISM* OF METAL CAN GROW *WEARY* AFTER A PROLONGED EXCHANGE!

THE SPARK-FLICKERING *MILKY-WHITE* FACE BIDS *FAREWELL* AND VANISHES FROM HUMAN *PERCEPTION!*

THERE IS A *LONG* PAUSE OF EMPTINESS THAT *DIS-SIPATES* AS THE MONKS *TRUDINGLY* DEPART...

--ABANDONING *ONE* WHO REMAINS *NON-BELIEVER* IN THEIR BACK-TURNED *WAKE*

...*NON-BELIEVER* STRICKEN WITH... *SADNESS!* WHERE *KNOWLEDGE* WAS ONCE A *TOOL*... IT IS NOW TO BE *WORSHIPPED!*

THE *ALPHA-CLASS* SCOUT HOPES THERE ARE NO *REAL* GODS-- FOR, *THEY* WOULD BE SORELY TEMPTED TO *LAUGH* AT MAN IN THE *HEIGHT* OF FOLLY!

HUNTER REMAINS THUS--WHILE THE *CANDLE* NEXT TO HIM SHRINKS TO *SPUTTERING* STUB...

THE MAN VENTURES *NOT* INWARD, BUT *OUTWARD*-- EVERY *BATTLE-SENSE* CONFIRMING WHAT HE FEELS BY *INSTINCT!*

INSTINCT THAT SPRINGS TO *ACTION*--AS THE *FLUTTERING* WICK [illegible] OUT... AND THE *COMPUTER-COVERING* TAPESTRY PARTS...

--TO *UNVEIL* WHAT HAS BEEN LURKING INSIDE AN *AUXILIARY MAINTENANCE SHAFT* ALL ALONG!

THESE ARE *BROTHERS* OF AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT *ORDER!* A *GREEN* DEMON EMERGES! A *SECOND BLUE* ONE FOLLOWS THE *FIRST*-- AND A *BRONZE THIRD* DOES LIKEWISE THE *SECOND!*

HUNTER SWITCHES TO *NIGHT-VISION*--AND MOVES TO EMBRACE THE *STYGIAN DARK* MUCH THE WAY A *SHADOW* MELTS WITH THE *NIGHT*...

RAIDERS--THREE BLOOD-BROTHERS--LOOKING FOR ME, NO DOUBT, JUDGING BY THEIR FRANTIC MOVEMENTS!
MUST HAVE SKULKED IN EARLIER--WHILE THE SHEEPISH MONKS WERE BUSY ELSEWHERE!
GOOD THING I WAS ABLE TO SENSE THE SLINKERS IN CLOSE PROXIMITY!
SHOULDER-HUNCHED DEMONS ARE NEVER A GOOD THING--AND IT HAPPENS THESE THREE TRIGGER DEEP-BURIED MEMORIES...
WAR-IMAGES GROW INTO A NIGHTMARE--EXPANDING UPON THEMSELVES WITH A REMARKABLE GEOMETRIC PROGRESSION...
...UNTIL THE BURNING PAIN BECOMES TOO GREAT--AND THE SELF-TORTURED SOLDIER IS FORCED TO SCREAM...
--NOT A WEAK, DEBASING CRY OF PITY--BUT A STRONG BATTLE-CRY THAT DISTINGUISHES A WARRIOR-BORN!
THE PRIMEVAL YELL SUCCEEDS IN STOPPING THE TRIO OF LIZARD-TAILS BELOW DEAD IN THEIR SOMEWHAT SCALY TRACKS!
SOME PERSONAL, SOME NOT-SO-PERSONAL...ALL, HOWEVER, SCORCHINGLY BITTER!
HO, BROTHERS! LOOK WHO PRETENDS TO BE HIDING FROM US!
HE IS EITHER VERY BRAVE, THIS HUMAN-SCUM--OR VERY FOOLISH!
COME DOWN FROM YOUR CROUCHING PERCH, LITTLE PLAYMATE--SO WE CAN DISCOVER WHICH YOU ARE!

LIKE A LITHE *HUNTING* CAT, *HUNTER* LEAPS SOME *ELEVEN FEET*... THEN *ARROGANTLY* STANDS HIS GROUND!

HE *HALF-SMILES* AS IF IT WERE *WE* WHO ARE *OUT-NUMBERED!*

HE GRIN WILL *DISAPPEAR*, I SWEAR, MY BROTHERS-- ONCE THE *GRASPING RITUAL* ESTABLISHES *MIND-LINK!*

AS MUTANTS, WE CAN GENERATE *MENTAL FORCE*-- ENOUGH TO EXPLODE THIS *SMOOTH-SKIN'S BRAIN!*

BUT *HUNTER* IS NEVER WITHOUT *RESOURCES* OF HIS OWN!

EXAMPLE: THE WHITE-DAZZLING *ELECTROSURGE* THAT *ERUPTS* FROM THE TIP OF HIS *STAFF-WEAPON!*

THE CRACKLING *500,000 VOLTS* HANGS IN THE AIR A GRIM *INSTANT*...

--BEFORE *STRIKING* A CARELESSLY-UPRAISED *BROADSWORD*...

--PROMPTING THE *DEVIL* WHO BEARS IT TO SHRIEK ALOUD IN NERVE-NUMBING *PAIN!*

THERE IS *CONFUSION*... WHEN THE *STILL-SPLITTING* SWORD CLATTERS HARMLESSLY AMID A *SILVER SHOWER* OF SPARKS...

--AND, THERE IS *CONFUSION*... WHEN HUNTER VAULTS FORWARD!

THE RAIDING-PACK *ELDER*-- STUNNED INTO *SUBMISSION!* THE *DARK-EYED ONE* WILL PAY MOST *DEARLY* FOR TH--

ALAS, THE *SENTENCE* IS CUT SHORT--AS *HUNTER* SENDS THE LIZARD-TAIL *REELING* FROM BEHIND...

--TO BECOME *EN-TANGLED* IN THE COMPUTER'S COARSE *CURTAINS!*

SOUNDS AS IF THE TUUNGEST IS GETTING READY TO RUSH!
HAVE TO DEPEND ON THE AUDIO-AMPS... TO RIGHTLY TIME THIS!
AND, WHEN THE BETRAYING PATTER OF FOOTFALLS DOES RESOUND, THE WARRIOR S-W-I-N-G-S...
...AND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ACT SUMMONS ALL THE FURY THAT IS HIS TO COMMAND...
AND CHANNELS IT INTO HIS BLUR-WHIZZING STAFF...
SWACKK!
...TO BREAK THE DEMON'S JAW WITH A SICKENING SWACK-NOISE...
AND, AGAIN...
AND...AGAIN...
...A FLESH-PULPING SOUND THAT MAKES HUNTER LAUGH AND EAGER TO DO IT AGAIN...
...UNTIL THE BLUE-SKINNED YOUTH IS BEATEN SENSELESS... A DOZEN BLOWS INFLICTED.
THUD!
PHOKK!
THE MODERN BARBARIC ASKS NO QUARTER... AND GRANTS NONE!
THE LETHAL CLUBBING SLACKENS--AND HUNTER PRODS THE DYING YOUTH WITH A BOOT-TOE IN THE RIBS...
...ONLY TO SUDDENLY STIFFEN-- AS WORN SUIT-ALARMS TINGLE IN WARNING!
THE SCOUT PIVOTS... WHIRLS... SCATTERS HIS FOEMAN--AND ASSUMES THE ADVANTAGE BY BLUDGEONING THE STARTLED GREEN!
YOU DON'T LIKE TO BLEED, EMERALD-HIDE, DO YOU?
ANYMORE THAN YOU LIKE IT WHEN I DO THIS...
...OR THIS...
...OR THIS!!

OBSERVE! I COULD SNAP YOUR NECK LIKE A TWIG --OR CHOKE THE AIR WITHIN YOUR LUNGS!
BUT NEITHER, I FEAR, WOULD BE PAINFUL ENOUGH...
--COMPARED TO MY BROTHER'S OWN RIPPING BLADE!
IF SUCH THEN, IS MY FATE-- I GREET IT AS A WARRIOR TRUE...
DEFIANT TO THE VERY END!
BRAVE WORDS-- CONSIDERING YOU HAVE SMALL CHOICE IN THE MATTER!
THE WIELDER OF THE DOUBLE-PRONGED DAGGER PAUSES FOR A MOMENT...
--BUT A MOMENT IS ALL IT TAKES FOR A RANDOM RAY FROM THE COMPUTER-BANK TO PLAY UPON THE RAZOR-GLINTING IMPLEMENT...
--SUMMARILY FOLLOWED BY A DEMON'S DIRE SCREAMS--AS THE MUTANT BURNS UNDER A GOD'S SEARING GAZE!
MUST BREAK THIS DEATH-GRIP-- EXERT PROPER PRESSURE...
NOW!
WAPP!
AND AS HUNTER DOES WHAT HE VOWS HE WILL-- THE LIZARD-TAIL IS SIMILARLY CONSUMED--COMPLETING THE STENCH-STINKING SLAUGHTER!

A THOUSAND COSMIC ORGASMS-- WAVES OF HEAVEN FRAUGHT EUPHORIA-- DISTORT THE INTELLIGENT ONE'S PULSING VISAGE!

AFTER SEVERAL TIMELESS SECONDS THAT ENCOMPASS THE INFINITE, THE CIRCUIT-JOLTING PLEASURE EVAPORATES...

--AND THE AGAIN-COMPOSED COMPUTER MOVES HIS SOLARIZED LIPS TO SPEAK!

THERE IS NO NEED TO RELATE MY ORIGIN-- SUFFICE TO SAY IT HAS EVER BEEN MY DESTINY (OR CURSE, IF YOU WILL) TO ETERNALLY SERVE OTHERS!

BUT NEVER HAVE MY PRIME EGO-DRIVES EXPERIENCED SUCH UNIMAGINABLE ECSTASY AS WHEN I IMPARTED AID TO SAVE YOUR HUMAN LIFE!

THIS HAS BEEN A RARE AND EXTREMELY UNPARALLELED OPPORTUNITY FOR ME!

HAS IT? EXPLAIN YOURSELF, GOOLING!

THEN BEFORE HUNTER CAN EVEN THINK OF A SUITABLE REPLY...

DEMONS! AND EACH SPRAWLED IN IDENTICAL POOLS OF THEIR OWN BLOOD!

ARE YOU HURT AT ALL, TOO, MY SON?

NO, GOOD BROTHER-- MERELY WITH WORRY PLAGUED!

OUR LONG-DEFEATED ENEMY MAY HAVE SENT THIS RAIDING PARTY-- IN SECRET PREPARATION FOR WAR...

A WAR THAT ONLY REQUIRES A SPARK TO AGAIN BECOME INFERNO...

--WHERE I WILL FINALLY FIND A PLACE FOR MYSELF ... AT THE BLOOD-RED FOREFRONT!

BUT, MY SON-- WHY SQUANDER YOUR LIFE... IN SO NEEDLESS A MANNER?

BECAUSE! I MUST!

ILL LUCK HAS VISITED A SPECIAL BURDEN UPON ME!

I AM A HALF-BREED, YOU SEE-- NEARLY HUMAN SAVE FOR COPPER-COLORED SKIN AND SLIT-GOLD EYES...

AND PRESENTLY, ONLY I STAND BETWEEN THE HOWLING DEMON HORDES AND MANKIND UNSUSPECTING!

HIS NAME IS HUNTER!

HE IS PART MAN...

-AND PART DEMON!

MARK HIM WELL!

COMING NEXT:...HUNTER'S BRAIN-BLASTING ORIGIN!

STORY: JOHN JACOBSON/ ART: ALDOMA

BIANCA... CAN YOU HEAR ME? I'M A FRIEND! FOR GOD'S SAKE STOP. I CAN HELP YOU!
WE CAN'T LEAVE. THIS IS THE FIRST CONTACT. THAT SPIRIT WILL MAKE US RICH, AND NO PENNY-DREADFUL THEATRICS ON YOUR PART IS GOING TO CHANGE MY MIND!
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU THINK... WHAT YOUR PLANS ARE... I'M LEAVING IN THE MORNING! I'LL LEAVE NOW IF I HAVE TO WALK. YOU TAKE THE MONEY, THE FORTUNE! IT'S ALL YOURS.
LORD HELP US, DEAN! IT'S A MONSTER... A HEADLESS ABOMINATION... AND YOU CALL IT BY ITS FIRST NAME. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE...! NOW...! BEFORE IT DESTROYS US.
DON'T GET FAINT-HEARTED ON ME! I'VE PLANNED THIS FOR MONTHS. I WON'T LET AN HYSTERICAL WOMAN SPIKE MY PLANS WHEN SUCCESS IS SO CLOSE. IT'S AS MUCH YOUR PLAN AS IT IS MINE.
DEAN, DON'T LEAVE ME HERE! I COULDN'T STAND BEING HERE WITHOUT YOU! I NEED YOU!
DON'T WORRY. IN A FEW MINUTES YOU'LL BE OUT LIKE A LIGHT!
DIARY OF ROGER THORNHILL
DEAN! WHAT IS THIS? WHAT'S IN THE GLASS?
SOMETHING TO RELAX YOU. IT'LL BE MORNING WHEN YOU WAKE UP.
THE HALLS ARE SILENT. BUT THEN, GHOSTS AREN'T VERY NOISY...
THANK YOU, DEAR. I LOVE YOU ...LOVE...YOU...
AND NOW, BIANCA... TO FIND YOU...!
THAT GLOW! THE GHOST! BIANCA! LOVELY... BEAUTIFUL ... BEHEADED... BIANCA!

BIANCA EDEN... MAY I INTRODUCE MYSELF?
I...
I KNOW HOW YOU MUST FEEL, BIANCA. I'M PROBABLY THE FIRST PERSON YOU'VE SEEN WHO HASN'T RUN OUT SCREAMING AT YOUR APPEARANCE.
STOP THIS, BIANCA! I KNOW YOU'RE A GHOST... A SUPERNATURAL BEING. BUT I ALSO KNOW THAT YOU HAVE NO POWER OVER THE LIVING. THIS SHOW YOU RE PUTTING ON DOESN'T IMPRESS ME!
I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU. I WANT TO MAKE THAT UNDERSTOOD! I WANT TO HELP YOU. I'M A PSYCHIC INVESTIGATOR. GHOSTS OF THE DEAD ARE TIED TO THE EARTH FOR A VARIETY OF REASONS, FREE TO FOLLOW THEIR DESTINIES ONLY AFTER CERTAIN CONDITIONS HAVE BEEN MET. IT'S MY LIFE'S WORK TO SEEK OUT THESE UNHAPPY SPIRITS AND RELEASE THEM FROM BONDAGE. I WANT TO HELP YOU. BUT I NEED YOUR COOPERATION.
YOU HONOR ME WITH YOUR TRUST, BIANCA, A TRUST I SWEAR NEVER TO BETRAY. THERE IS MUCH I MUST LEARN FROM YOU IF I AM TO HELP. I MUST KNOW THE FACTS OF THE TRAGEDY WHICH BINDS YOU TO THIS HOUSE.
BUT HOW AM I TO LEARN? YOU OBVIOUSLY CAN'T SPEAK. THAT CHAIR...? YOU WANT ME TO SIT DOWN?

BUT WHAT GOOD WILL THIS DO... AHHHHH! YOUR FINGERS ON MY EYES... ICY COLD.
NOT ON HIS EYES... OR IN HIS EYES... BUT THROUGH HIS EYES... INTO HIS BRAIN. IMAGES TUMBLE FORTH...
UNTIL THE NIGHT OF TERROR! AS BIANCA WAS ATTENDED BY HER SERVANTS, THE HIGHWAYMEN ATTACKED!
... THE SIGHTS, SOUNDS AND SMELLS OF A RURAL, PASTORAL, AGRICULTURAL ENGLAND... AN ENGLAND WHERE MEN DOFFED THEIR HATS IN RESPECT TO THE LANDOWNER'S WIFE.
SHE WATCHED WITH HORROR AS HER SERVANTS WERE HACKED TO PIECES BEFORE HER EYES!
THEY DEMANDED SHE SHOW THEM THE FAMILY TREASURE! WHEN SHE REFUSED, THEY USED TORTURE!
A MERCIFUL UNCONSCIOUSNESS PREVENTED HER FROM REVEALING THE SECRET HIDING PLACE. BUT IT DID NOT PREVENT A VENGEFUL OUTLAW FROM LIFTING HIS SWORD HIGH...
...AND BEHEADING THE
DEFENSELESS GIRL.
AND YOUR HEAD WAS NEVER FOUND! THAT IS WHAT IS HOLDING YOU HERE, BIANCA. I WILL DO WHAT I CAN, BUT FIRST, TO HELP ME WHEN I SEARCH THROUGH RECORDS... DO YOU KNOW THE NAME OF THE OUTLAW CHIEF? IF A RECORD EXISTS OF HIS ACTIVITIES, I MAY GET A CLUE.

REMOVING THE DUST OF AGES, A GHOSTLY FINGER WRITES ON THE WALL...

Roger Thornhill

ROGER THORNHILL, EH? I'VE NEVER HEARD THE NAME! BUT AT LEAST IT WILL GIVE ME A STARTING POINT.

GOD! DEAN, WHAT DID YOU PUT INTO THAT DRINK? MY HEAD STILL ACHES. IS THAT WHY YOU BROUGHT ME OUT HERE... TO CLEAR MY BRAIN?

PARTLY. ALSO BECAUSE WE CAN'T BE OVERHEARD BY BIANCA OUT HERE. SHE'S TIED TO THE HOUSE.

DID YOU ACCOMPLISH ANYTHING LAST NIGHT... WITH THE GHOST?

YES. I CONFIRMED THAT SHE WAS BEHEADED BY MY ANCESTOR, ROGER THORNHILL, BECAUSE SHE WOULD NOT REVEAL THE LOCATION OF THE FAMILY TREASURE. HER STORY TALLIES EXACTLY WITH THE ACCOUNT GIVEN IN ROGER'S DIARY! ALTHOUGH ROGER REVEALS WHERE HE BURIED THE HEAD, I HAVEN'T TOLD BIANCA. SHE THINKS I HAVE TO DO A LITTLE RESEARCH IN THE VILLAGE MUSEUM.

I'M LUCKY I MARRIED A GUY WHO HAS A BRITISH OUTLAW IN HIS FAMILY TREE!

AND I'M LUCKY I MARRIED A GIRL WHO READS GHOST STORIES AND MADE THE CONNECTION BETWEEN ROGER AND BIANCA. I'LL BE GONE ONLY A FEW HOURS... ENOUGH TO MAKE IT LOOK GOOD. I HAVE TO LOOK INTO SOME MAPS ANYWAY. HER HEAD'S REAL HIDING PLACE DOESN'T FIT INTO MY PLANS.

FOR THE REMAINDER OF THE DAY, MAGGIE ROAMS AROUND THE OLD HOUSE BROODING ON EVENTS. AT THE COMING OF NIGHT, HER APPREHENSION INCREASES AND SHE LOOKS OUT OF THE WINDOWS MORE OFTEN, HOPING FOR THE RETURN OF HER HUSBAND. BUT HER SIXTH SENSE WARNS HER...

OHHH!

OH, DEAN! GET BACK HERE QUICKLY! HOW DO I ACT TOWARD A GHOST? WHAT DO I SAY?

WITH FALTERING STEPS, THE TERRIFIED MAGGIE EDGES TOWARD THE GHOST, HOPING TO ESTABLISH FRIENDLY CONTACT.

IF D-DEAN CAN DO IT... THERE'S NO REASON WHY I C-CAN'T! SHE'S JUST A... A HEADLESS G-GHOST!

A SHEET, CAUGHT IN THE WINDS, WRAPS ITSELF AROUND THE STRUGGING MAGGIE.

DEAN IS BROUGHT UP SHORT BY THE SCENE BEFORE HIM. BUT THE PLAN HAS GONE TOO FAR... IS TOO NEAR SUCCESS. HE MASKS HIS HORROR AND FORCES A SMILE...

...HERE IN NORTHERN SCOTLAND, COMPLETELY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF BRITAIN. AND THAT PRESENTS A PROBLEM. YOU CAN'T LEAVE THE HOUSE TO GET IT! AND MAGGIE AND I DON'T HAVE THE MONEY. SECURING THE LEASE ON THIS BUILDING TOOK OUR LAST AVAILABLE CASH!
BUT DON'T WORRY, BIANCA. I'VE MADE SOME GOOD INVESTMENTS RECENTLY AND THEY SHOULD PAY OFF HANDSOMELY WITHIN...TWO OR THREE MONTHS. THEN I CAN GO TO SCOTLAND.
FROZEN FOR A FEW SECONDS BY THE MIXED NEWS, A JUMBLE OF THOUGHTS FLIT THROUGH BIANCA'S MIND. WITH HER RELEASE FROM EARTHLY IMPRISONMENT SO NEAR, SHE MAKES HER DECISION.
SHE WANTS US TO FOLLOW HER INTO THE BASEMENT.
DON'T GO, DEAN! MONEY OR NO MONEY, LET'S LEAVE THIS PLACE NOW! SHE ATTACKED ME JUST BEFORE YOU RETURNED...ALMOST KILLED ME!
DON'T TALK SILLY WE'RE TOO CLOSE TO OUR GOAL TO TURN BACK NOW. THIS TORCH SHOULD DO FOR LIGHT
WINDING THROUGH SINUOUS PASSAGES FILLED WITH STALE DEAD AIR, BIANCA AT LAST STOPS AND POINTS TO A WALL.
THIS WALL. YOU WANT ME TO SMASH IT?
BUT SHE TRIED TO BEHEAD ME! SHE'S NEVER BEEN KNOWN TO ATTACK OTHER GIRLS. WHY ME?
DEAN PICKS UP THE AXE AND SWINGS AT THE WALL, BREAKING THROUGH ON THE THIRD ATTEMPT.
I HOPE SO.
THIS IS IT, MAGGIE, THE SECRET ROOM WHERE THE TREASURE IS KEPT. WE'RE RICH!
NO MORE CHEAP CARS OR THIRD RATE MOTELS! FROM NOW ON WE TRAVEL FIRST CLASS.

THERE IT IS, MAGGIE... THE TREASURE! IT ACTUALLY EXISTS. AND IT'S FAR LARGER THAN I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE! HA! HA! HA!
THOSE JEWELS...! I'LL LOOK LIKE A PRINCESS!
WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE SOME WAY TO GET ALL THIS STUFF TO A BANK! I SUPPOSE WE'LL NEED AN ARMORED CAR.
HA! HA! LOOK AT HOW THEY SPARKLE! I'LL OUTSHINE EVERYONE!
WHAT ABOUT BIANCA? YOU SAID YOU KNEW WHERE HER HEAD WAS HIDDEN. ARE YOU GOING TO RETURN IT TO HER?
WHY WORRY ABOUT HER? SHE'S OF NO MORE USE TO US!
DON'T BOTHER ME WITH PETTY STUFF NOW, MAGGIE. WE'VE GOT A FORTUNE TO SPEND.
NOW HELP ME GET THIS...
MAGGIE!!!
BUT MAGGIE IS NOT DEAD. HER HEAD IS KEPT ALIVE BY THE SUPERNATURAL POWERS OF THE BEHEADED BIANCA. HER EYES BORE INTO DEAN WITH AN HYSTERICAL PLEA FOR HELP.
WHAT DO YOU WANT? YOU'RE KEEPING HER ALIVE FOR A PURPOSE! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT. JUST TELL ME... LET ME KNOW. YOU RE HEAD? YOU WANT YOU RE HEAD?!
YOUR EYES!! YOU'RE NOT DEAD!!

ALRIGHT, YOU'LL GET YOUR DAMNED HEAD! JUST DON'T LET MAGGIE DIE!!
OUTSIDE THE ENGLISH MANOR DEAN DIGS FURIOUSLY AT THE BASE OF AN ANCIENT GNARLED OAK TREE. TREMBLING HANDS DIG INTO SOFT EARTH...
... AND MINUTES LATER.
HERE... DAMN IT...! HERE IS YOUR CURSED HEAD. TAKE IT AND GIVE ME BACK MY WIFE!
YOU WANT ME TO PUT YOUR HEAD ON MAGGIE'S BODY. I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
...BUT I'LL DO ANYTHING TO GET MAGGIE BACK.
THE HEAD HAS FUSED ONTO THE BODY. WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
STOP THIS... CHOKING... AAAAGGGGHHHH ...UUURRRKKK

DOOO... SOMETHING..!
I WILL DO SOMETHING, DEAN. I'LL SAY GOODBY... AND THANKS FOR THE HELP.
AAAGGGKKK-------*
THIS IS THE MOST UNUSUAL CASE I'VE EVER SEEN. YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW YOUR HUSBAND WAS MURDERED?
THIS IS A HAUNTED HOUSE, OFFICER. UNDOUBTEDLY YOUR ANSWER LIES IN THE SUPERNATURAL..
YOU'LL HAVE NO NEED OF A PLACE IN TOWN?
NO, I'LL STAY HERE. IT FEELS VERY MUCH LIKE HOME HERE. YOU SEE... ALTHOUGH I NEVER LET MY HUSBAND KNOW...
BIANCA EDEN WAS MY DISTANT ANCESTOR! EVER SINCE I HEARD OF HER TRAGEDY, I'VE FELT VERY CLOSE TO HER!
SOMEHOW, THAT WOMAN IN THE PORTRAIT SEEMS TO BE STARING ACROSS THE CENTURIES...! EVEN NOW...
THEN AGAIN... MAYBE GHOSTS AREN'T THAT STUPID AFTER ALL..!
BIANCA EDEN

THE GOLDEN KRIS* OF HADJI MOHAMMED

BY FREDERICK MOORE

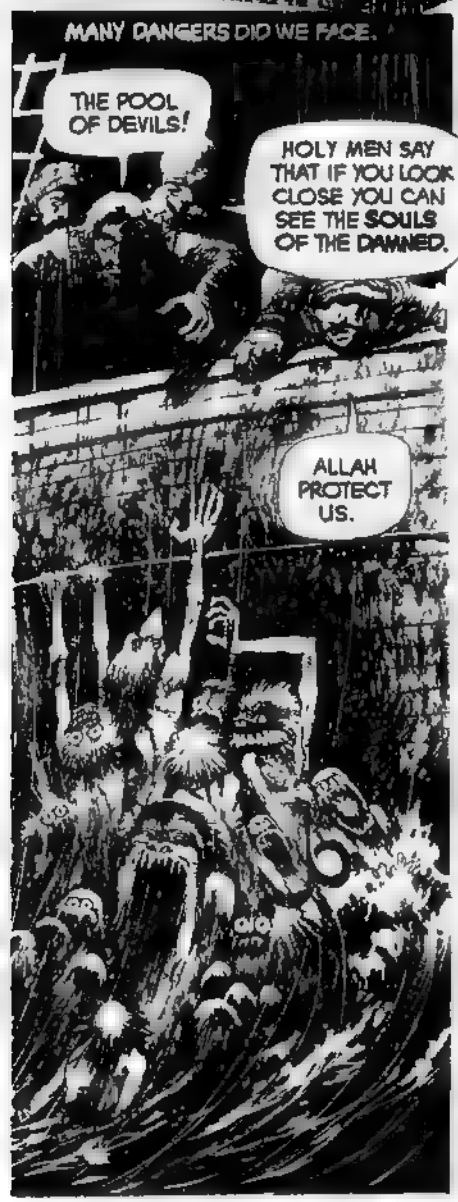
* A CURVED KNIFE

STORY ADAPTATION: GEORGE HENDERSON / ART: MUNES

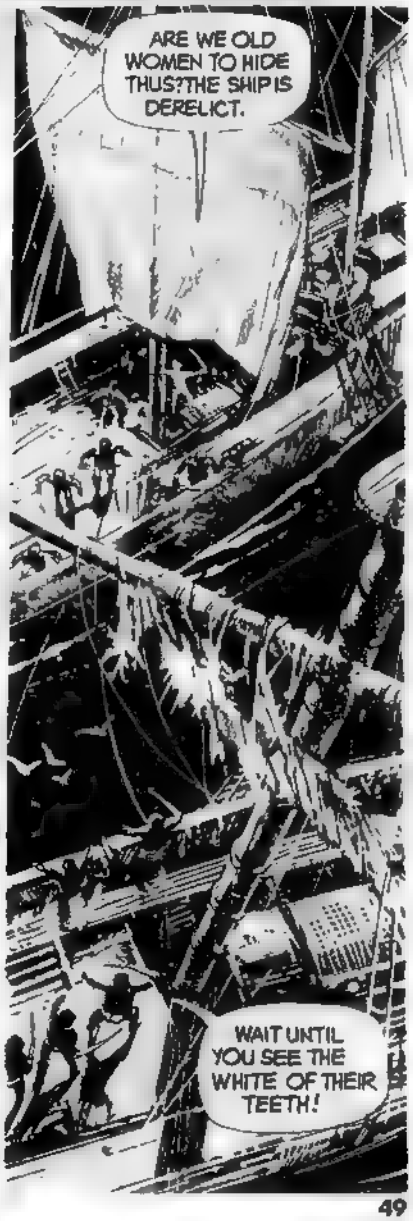
ON A CERTAIN DAY, SULTAN HADJI MOHAMMED OF BEROTAN COMMANDED THAT I APPEAR BEFORE HIM...
PERUK, YOU ARE A GREAT MAN AND YOUR FATHER WAS A GREAT MAN. I SEEK YOUR COUNCEL AND AID IN A MATTER THAT TOUCHES ME DEEPLY.
I AM THE VESSEL OF YOUR WILL, EXCELLENCY. YOUR WORDS WILL DIRECT MY ACTIONS.
WHEN MY FATHER DIED, PEACE TO HIM, HE GAVE ME A GOLDEN KRIS. IT HAD TWO EDGES, SHARP AS THE RIM OF THE WORLD, AND IT WOULD CLEAVE A MAN FROM THE TOP OF HIS HEAD TO HIS HEART WITH A SINGLE BLOW. ON EACH SIDE, WRITTEN ON THE BLADE, WERE THESE WORDS: "PUT NOT THY FAITH IN WOMEN, FOR ALL WOMEN ARE UNFAITHFUL." THIS KRIS WAS USED ONLY TO KILL THE UNFAITHFUL WOMEN OF THE HAREM AND IT LAY IN A SECRET PLACE, AND NEVER DID MY FATHER HAVE TO USE IT, AND NEVER DID I HAVE TO USE IT, FOR ALL THE WOMEN OF MY HOUSEHOLD KNEW OF IT AND FEARED IT.
WHILE YOU WERE AWAY, PERUK, DATTO HADJI RANO RETURNED FROM MECCA BRINGING TO ME A YOUNG WOMAN, PINK AS THE HEART OF A PEARL AND MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN THE BEAUTY OF TEN THOUSAND BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.
FOR SEVEN DAYS, AS IS THE LAW, SHE WAS ALONE IN THE BRIDAL CHAMBER. THEN, AT THE HOUR HALF BETWEEN DAWN AND DARK, I WENT TO HER
THIS BLADE HAS FALSEHOOD UPON IT. IN THE HOUSE OF MY FATHER THERE ARE FAITHFUL WOMEN. I AM PLEDGED TO NO MAN AND NO PLEDGE WILL I MAKE TO YOU UNLESS YOU SAY THAT THIS BLADE HAS FALSEHOOD.
I AM THE SULTAN. RAISE NOT THE CROSS UNDER THIS ROOF.
COME AND TAKE ME, AND I WILL DIE IN THE FAITH OF THE UNBELIEVER, OF WHICH I KNOW MUCH. BUT I AM NO WIFE OF YOURS IF YOU DO NOT SAY THIS BLADE LIES.
"PUT NOT YOUR FAITH IN WOMEN, FOR ALL WOMEN ARE UNFAITHFUL." GIVE PROOF TO ME THAT IT IS NOT SO.

THERE WAS RAGE IN MY HEART FOR A TIME, AND THEN I TURNED MY BACK ON HER AND LAUGHED AND WALKED AWAY. BUT WHEN I RETURNED, SHE WAS GONE, AND WITH HER THE GOLDEN KRIS, DATTO HADJI RANO AND TREASURE FROM MY HOUSE.
IT SHALL BE DONE, EXCELLENCY. HIS BONES WILL REST WITH THE BONES OF AN UNSHRIVEN, THRICE-CURSED SLAYER OF A HOLY MAN.
VENGEANCE NEVER DIES IN MY HEART, PERUK. BRING HER TO ME WITH THE GHOST OF DATTO HADJI RANO.

AND THUS BEGAN MY QUEST FOR THE GOLDEN KRIS OF HADJI MOHAMMED.
THIS WOMAN WAS STOLEN FROM THE HOUSE OF AN INFIDEL HOLY MAN. I AM TOLD SHE HAS BEEN GIVEN REFUGE IN THE SHIP OF DREAMS.
VERMIN OF BAGGAGE CAMELS, I SHALL CUT OFF YOUR EARS IF WE COME BACK EMPTY-HANDED.

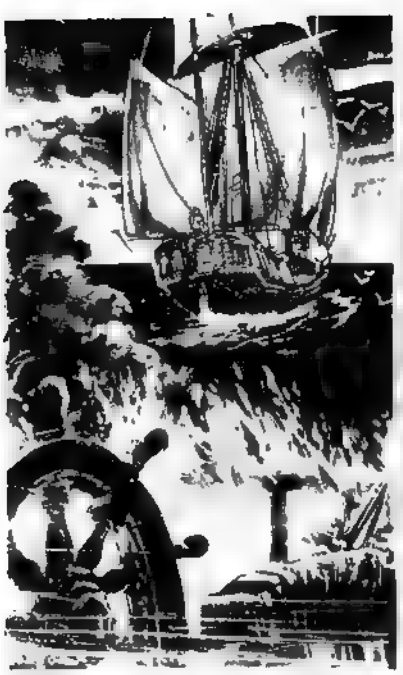

MANY DANGERS DID WE FACE.
THE POOL OF DEVILS!
HOLY MEN SAY THAT IF YOU LOOK CLOSE YOU CAN SEE THE SOULS OF THE DAMNED.
ALLAH PROTECT US.

ALLAH WAS WITH US, AND SOON...
MASTER, IT IS AS I SPOKE. THAT IS THE SHIP.
SON OF A SLAVE, THAT IS OLD AS THE BEARDED BULLOCK OF THE ASHTIN DESERT AND NO SHIP BUT THE BONES OF A SHIP.

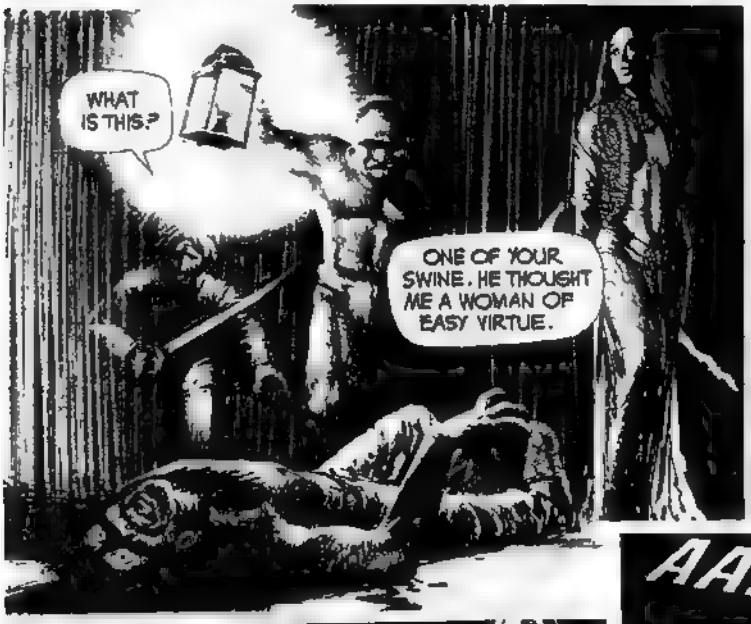

ARE WE OLD WOMEN TO HIDE THUS? THE SHIP IS DERELICT.
WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE THE WHITE OF THEIR TEETH!

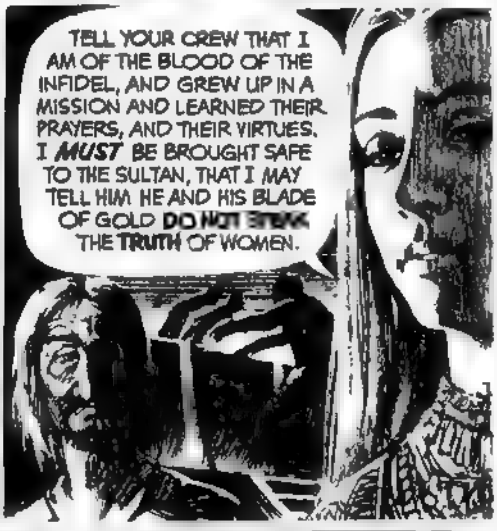
BY MY MOTHER'S NOSE! THERE SHALL BE SPORT AFTER ALL!
IIIIIIIEEEEEE
AAARRGGH
KILL THE INFIDELS!
KERRCHUUUUNNK
CCRRRA'ACCCKK
OOOOOOOSSSSHHH
TTTHHUUMMP
AAAA
IT IS DONE! VICTORY IS OURS!
AAAAARGGH
THIS SHIP HAS BEEN USED AS A HOME!
IIIIEEEE! NOW TO BUSINESS.
IT IS AS I TOLD YOU.

PEACE! SHE AWAITS WITHIN.
WHO, WHAT AND WHENCE?
I AM COME FOR YOU, THE GOLDEN KRIS, AND DATTO HADJI RANO.
I ASK WHO IS THIS DATTO HADJI RANO?
THE DECEIVER OF MEN AND WOMEN, WHO TOOK YOU FROM THE SULTAN'S HOUSE ON THE MARRIAGE NIGHT.
HE IS DEAD, BY MY HAND AND BY THIS.
PROVE TO ME THAT THE SULTAN WANTS ME. TELL ME WHAT IS WRITTEN ON THIS BLADE, THAT I MAY KNOW YOU COME FROM HIM, AND I WILL GO.
PUT THY FAITH IN WOMEN, FOR ALL WOMEN ARE UNFAITHFUL.
IT IS A FALSE BLADE. I WILL TELL THE SULTAN THAT, AND THAT IS WHY I GO BACK TO HIM.
I MADE NO MARRIAGE PLEDGE TO HIM, BUT I AM STILL FAITHFUL TO HIM, FOR DATTO HADJI RANO TOOK ME AGAINST MY WILL FROM THE BRIDAL CHAMBER.
THIS IS YOURS, PERUK. IT SHOULD TAKE ME TO BEROTAN SAFE, AND THE SULTAN SHALL NOT HAVE KNOWLEDGE OF IT UNLESS YOU TELL HIM.



AAAAAAHHHHH


WHAT IS THIS?
ONE OF YOUR SWINE. HE THOUGHT ME A WOMAN OF EASY VIRTUE.

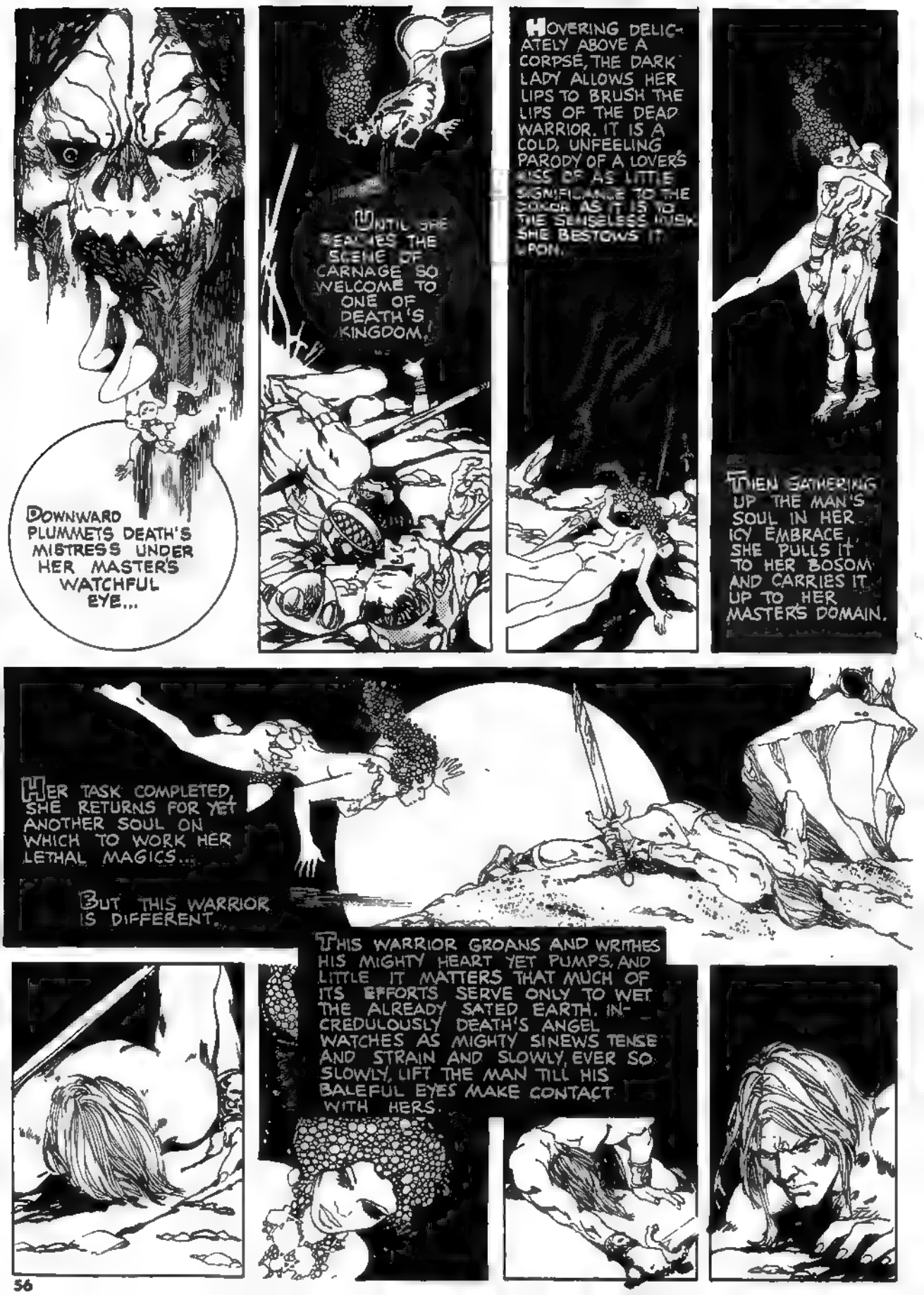

TELL YOUR CREW THAT I AM OF THE BLOOD OF THE INFIDEL, AND GREW UP IN A MISSION AND LEARNED THEIR PRAYERS, AND THEIR VIRTUES. I *MUST* BE BROUGHT SAFE TO THE SULTAN, THAT I MAY TELL HIM HE AND HIS BLADE OF GOLD **DO NOT SPEAK** THE **TRUTH** OF WOMEN.

AAAEEE

HARAN! YOU! BUT WHY...
DID YOU THINK TO KEEP THE TREASURE AND THE WOMAN?!
SWOOOOOOOSSSSSHHHH
OFFSPRING OF A JACKEL! MAY YOUR SOUL NEVER FIND PEACE.
IT WAS THEN I UNDERSTOOD WHY THE UNBELIEVERS SAY THERE IS ONE WOMAN THAT COMES TO EVERY MAN...
YOU ARE THE FIRST TO CHAMPION MY CAUSE.
THERE WILL BE OTHERS. OF THIS I AM SURE.
NO
IN THREE DAYS WE WERE AT BEROTAN.
THE INFIDEL WOMAN!
THEY SAY SHE EATS CHILDREN!
ALLAH PROTECT US.
YOU HAVE DONE WELL, PERUK. THIS IS THE WOMAN.
YOU MAY LEAVE MY PRESENCE.

THE SULTAN IS DEAD! THE SULTAN IS DEAD!
THE SULTAN IS DEAD?
THE SULTAN IS DEAD?!
YOU KILLED FOR ME, PERUK. YOU ARE A MAN OF MEN.
DELIVER ME TO THE HEADSMAN. IF IT HAD NOT BEEN FOR YOU I WOULD HAVE KILLED MYSELF, BUT YOU HAVE FAITH IN WOMEN.
YOU KILLED THE SULTAN.
THIS IS A LYING BLADE, I TOLD THE SULTAN BEHOLD A FAITHFUL WOMAN, FOR I SLEW YOUR DOG OF A DATTO HADJI RANO, AND I WILL BE THE WIFE OF NO MAN OR NO SULTAN WHO HAS NO FAITH IN WOMEN.
AT THAT I STRUCK HIM ON HIS FAT NECK AND MY FAITHFUL WARRIOR TOOK THE KRIS IN HIS HAND AND ALLOWED HIMSELF TO BE RUN THROUGH IN MY STEAD.
HOLD ON THERE! WHAT ABOUT THE WOMAN?
CAN YOU ASK, PERUK? WHEN YOU COME BACK TO BEROTAN I WILL SHOW YOU THE SONS OF HER. SHE IS A FAITHFUL WOMAN, AND MY ONLY WIFE.
YYYYUUUUCCCCKKK. HAPPY ENDINGS I LIKE, BUT THIS ONE ONLY PROVES THAT LOVE IS BLIND!

STORY AND ART: ESTEBAN MAROTO


DOWNWARD PLUMMETS DEATH'S MISTRESS UNDER HER MASTER'S WATCHFUL EYE...
UNTIL SHE REACHES THE SCENE OF CARNAGE SO WELCOME TO ONE OF DEATH'S KINGDOM.
HOVERING DELICATELY ABOVE A CORPSE, THE DARK LADY ALLOWS HER LIPS TO BRUSH THE LIPS OF THE DEAD WARRIOR. IT IS A COLD, UNFEELING PARODY OF A LOVER'S KISS OF AS LITTLE SIGNIFICANCE TO THE CORPSE AS IT IS TO THE SENSELESS MUSK SHE BESTOWS IT UPON.
THEN GATHERING UP THE MAN'S SOUL IN HER ICY EMBRACE, SHE PULLS IT TO HER BOSOM AND CARRIES IT UP TO HER MASTER'S DOMAIN.
HER TASK COMPLETED, SHE RETURNS FOR YET ANOTHER SOUL ON WHICH TO WORK HER LETHAL MAGICS...
BUT THIS WARRIOR IS DIFFERENT...
THIS WARRIOR GROANS AND WRITHES HIS MIGHTY HEART YET PUMPS, AND LITTLE IT MATTERS THAT MUCH OF ITS EFFORTS SERVE ONLY TO WET THE ALREADY SATED EARTH. INCREDULOUSLY DEATH'S ANGEL WATCHES AS MIGHTY SINEWS TENSE AND STRAIN AND SLOWLY, EVER SO SLOWLY, LIFT THE MAN TILL HIS BALEFUL EYES MAKE CONTACT WITH HERS.

THIS IS DAX. DAX THE POWERFUL. DAX WHO HAS LIVED THROUGH A THOUSAND BATTLES. DAX THE INDOMNITABLE. DAX WHO PLANS TO LIVE THROUGH YET A THOUSAND BATTLES MORE. THIS IS DAX, DAX THE WARRIOR.

HO, MAIDEN! WHAT COULD INFLUENCE ONE SUCH AS YOU TO HIDE THYSELF ONTO THIS BLOOD-BESOTTED FIELD? IF YOU COME IN SEARCH OF BOOTY I CONFESS I HAVE LITTLE TO OFFER. BUT I AM IN NEED OF DOCTORING AND IF YOU WILL BUT AID ME I WILL SURELY FIND **SOME** WAY TO REPAY YOU.

NAY, WARRIOR, HELP THEE I CANNOT, FOR I DO INDEED SEEK BOOTY. NOT IN THE FORM OF EARTHLY TREASURES, BUT RATHER IN THE GUISE OF ***DEAD MEN'S SOULS.*** SOULS ARE THE ONLY RICHES MY MASTER SEEKS...

MY MASTER YEARNS FOR ***YOUR*** SOUL, DAX!

BUT I LIVE, I BREATHE, I AM NOT YET FODDER FOR YOUR DARK MASTER.

SURELY YOU CAN SEE THAT WHAT I SAY IS TRUE.

I SEE... YET MY MASTER HAS MARKED THEE TO BE GATHERED UP TO HIS KINDOM.

I... I WILL WELCOME THE PRESENCE OF ONE SO HANDSOME AS THYSELF IN THAT DARK LAND.

WITH THESE WORDS A SMILE SLOWLY FORMS ON DAX'S BLOODLESS LIPS. THERE STIRS WITHIN HIM A RISING HOPE FOR SALVATION... AND IN THE LIGHT OF THIS HOPE ALL PAIN AND EXHAUSTION WASH FROM HIM.

TO SO CALLOUSLY TAKE MY LIFE SEEMS A GOAL UNBEFITTING A CREATURE AS LOVELY AS YOURSELF. KNOW YOU NOT THE MEANING OF LIFE? CAN IT BE THAT ONE SUCH AS YOU HAS NEVER ***BEEN*** ALIVE?

LIFE? AYE, I KNOW LIFE! ONCE I LIVED EVEN AS YOU DO. ONCE MY BODY WAS WARM AND SOFT AND MY KISSES BROUGHT PLEASURE RATHER THAN DAMNATION.

THEN COME, LIVE AGAIN. REMAIN HERE WITH ME AND FORSAKE YOUR DARK MASTER.

NO! TO DISOBEY THE MASTER IS UNHEARD OF. WHY, IN ALL THE MILLENIA OF EXISTENCE, NONE HAS EVEN THOUGHT SUCH A THING BEFORE. NO, YOU MUST COME WITH ME ***NOW!***

SO THE OFFER OF LIFE DOES NOT APPEAL TO YOU, YET YOU CLAIM TO HAVE LIVED ONCE. CAN IT BE YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN SO MUCH SINCE THEN? CAN IT BE YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN...

HOW TO ***LOVE?!***

THAT'S IT ISN'T IT? YOU'VE LIVED AMONG THE DEAD SO LONG YOU THINK YOU ARE ONE OF THEM! YOU NO LONGER LIVE OR LOVE. YOU DO NOT THINK, YOU DO NOT FEEL. YOU ARE A MONSTER IN A FORM OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.
YOU ARE HURTING ME! PLEASE LET GO! I... YOU SEE I STILL CAN FEEL NOT JUST THE PAIN, BUT I FEEL WITH MY HEART AS WELL. IN THIS TOO, YOU HURT ME.
LISTEN TO ME. HEED MY WORDS! LISTEN WITH YOUR HEART AND HEED IT AS WELL. GIVE UP THIS DEVIL'S BUSINESS OF GATHERING UP SOULS. COME WITH ME TO THE LAND OF THE LIVING WHERE ONCE AGAIN I WILL TEACH YOU OF LOVE.
IF ONLY I DARED BELIEVE IT WAS POSSIBLE. OH, DAX, I WANT TO BELIEVE, I WANT TO GO WITH YOU.
THEN DO IT! WE WILL LIVE AS NO TWO PEOPLE EVER HAVE. YOUR MASTER WILL BE UNABLE TO HARM US, FOR HE HOLDS NO SWAY IN THE LAND OF THE LIVING.
A LOOK OF DOUBT CROSSES THE GIRL'S FACE. SHE STRUGGLES BRIEFLY, TRYING TO PULL LOOSE OF THE MIGHTY ARMS THAT HOLD HER...
UNTIL REALIZING THE FUTILITY OF HER EFFORTS. SHE STOPS AND THE RESTRAINING ARMS BECOME TENDER.
DAX, OH DAX! WHAT AM I TO DO. I WANT TO DO AS YOU SAY, BUT I AM AFRAID ... SO VERY AFRAID.
TRUST ME AND FEAR NOT, FOR AS LONG AS YOU STAY WITH ME NOTHING WILL HARM YOU. YOU MUST TRUST ME, FOR ONLY WITH TRUST CAN LOVE COME.
SLOWLY THE FRIGHTENED GIRL RAISES HER EYES TO FACE THOSE OF THE WARRIOR... HER BREATH COMES IN QUICK SHALLOW GASPS AS SHE WHISPERS...
YES DAX, OH YES. HOLD ME, LOVE ME, MAKE ME YOURS. TAKE ME FROM HIM, DAX... TAKE ME.

THE GIRL TWISTS AND SHUDDERS IN DAX'S ARMS. AT FIRST THE WARRIOR INTERPRETS THE MOTIONS AS SIGNS OF GROWING PASSION, BUT GRADUALLY THE GIRL'S EMBRACE BECOMES CLAMMY, CLINGING. DAX CAN FEEL A SLIMEY RESIDUE, TRAILING ACROSS HIS BACK AND SIDES, AND AN UNEARTHLY, CLOYING ODOR ASSAILS HIS NOSTRILS. HE PULLS AWAY FROM THE KISS AND FEELS HIS GORGE RISE UP AS HIS EYES BEHOLD...

A MONSTER! DAX GAGS AND POWERFUL THEWS CONVULSE IN AN EFFORT TO PUSH THE BEAST FROM HIM!

DAX RECOILS FROM THE SERPENTINE TWISTING OF THE TENTACLES AND CAN WATCH AGHAST AS THE STRANGE METAMORPHOSIS CONTINUES.

THE SNAIL-LIKE SHELL IS SHED AND THE BEAST WRITHES IN AGONY AS RAGGED MOTH'S WINGS SPROUT AND GROW!

WITH THE SOUND OF A THOUSAND SOULS IN TORMENT THE BEAST TAKES FLIGHT...

THERE, TO DAX'S HORROR, THE LAST VESTIGES OF WOMAN-FLESH ARE BRIEFLY GLIMPSED AS THE CHANGELING CREATURE BURSTS INTO A FIERY INCANDESCENCE...

THEN ERUPTS IN A DAZZLING, SHIMMERING DISPLAY.
WITHIN THE FIERY ORB, SHAPES BEGIN TO CONGEAL AND IT IS STRANGE INDEED THAT FROM THE HEART OF SO BRILLIANT A SPHERE, DARKNESS SHOULD TAKE FORM.
SLOWLY THE UNNATURALLY GLOWING MOTES OF BLACKNESS CONGEAL AND COALESCE ASSUMING A DEFINITE FORM...
GREETINGS, WARRIOR! YOU FARED WELL IN DISSUADING MY DARKLING ANGEL FROM HER APPOINTED TASK. SHE HAS BEEN DULY REPRIMANDED, HOWEVER, AND WILL SPEND ALL ETERNITY AS THE SLUG-LIKE BEAST WHICH SHE BECAME!
I THINK YOU WILL FIND ME A BIT MORE SINGLE-MINDED OF PURPOSE. LONG HAVE I HUNGERED AFTER YOUR LIFE-ESSENCE. YOU HAVE ESCAPED ME ONCE TOO OFTEN DAX, YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE ME AGAIN.
DEATH, I FEAR YOU NOT. YOU CANNOT CLAIM ME, FOR I AM ALIVE! MY TIME IS NOT YET COME, SO SEEK NOT TO FRIGHTEN ME WITH MERE WORDS AS YOU WOULD A CHILD. DAX IS NOT SO EASILY COWED INTO GIVING UP THE GHOST.
FOR LONG MOMENTS THE TWO FACE EACH OTHER, STARING RELENTLESSLY AS IF IN A CONTEST TO PROVE WHICH WILL IS THE STRONGER.
AFTER ALL, IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME, AND IN TIME YOU, LIKE ALL MORTALS, MUST YIELD TO ME! FOR I AM ETERNAL! YIELD TO ME NOW, DAX KNOW THE PEACE THAT ONLY DEATH MAY BRING.
I GRANT YOU TIME TO DECIDE, DAX. I SHALL LEAVE YOU NOW, BUT ONLY BRIEFLY. CONTEMPLATE YOUR ANSWER CAREFULLY AND MAKE YOUR DECISION.
IF YOU MEAN TO FIGHT ME DAX, I ASSURE YOU IT IS A STRUGGLE YOU WILL NOT WIN! NO MAN MAY ESCAPE DEATH... IF I DO NOT CLAIM YOU NOW, I WILL DO SO LATER.
THE FIGURE OF DEATH WAVERS, AND THE EVIL LIGHT OF THE ORB GLOWS THROUGH ONCE AGAIN, AS THE REAPER OF SOULS TAKES HIS LEAVE...

THE GLOWING ORB FADES TO COLD, DULL GRAY AND DAX, OVERCOME BY THE CHILLING REALIZATION OF WHAT HE HAS JUST FACED, SINKS TO HIS KNEES...

ONLY TO HAVE HIS HAND BRUSH AGAINST THEN CLOSE CONVULSIVELY OVER A FAMILIAR OBJECT... HIS SWORD HILT.

THE DARK ONE WAS RIGHT IN OBSERVING THAT I CANNOT ESCAPE DEATH. I HAVE ALWAYS LIVED WITH IT, OFTEN BEEN THE AUTHOR OF IT. THOUGH I MYSELF RESIST ITS INSISTENT SUMMONS, STILL AM I SURROUNDED BY OTHERS WHO COULD NOT!

THIS CARNAGE HAS BEEN MY LIFE. I HAVE FACED THE STRIFE OF THE WARRIOR EACH AND EVERY DAY, NEVER HAVING KNOWN RESPITE. PERHAPS ...PERHAPS DEATH *WOULD* BRING ME PEACE. PERHAPS DEATH IS THE ANSWER I SEEK.

NO THEN, DEATH, IS *THAT* WHAT YOU WOULD HAVE ME BELIEVE? WOULD YOU SEE ME CEASE STRIVING, AND WELCOME THE PEACE OF THE GRAVE? IT IS ALMOST A TEMPTING PROSPECT, BUT IT IS NOT THE WAY OF DAX. DAX DOES NOT SURRENDER HIMSELF TO *ANY* FOE WITHOUT BITTER STRUGGLE.

AS HIS OUTCRY ENDS, DAX FEELS A MOMENTARY REMORSE. CAN HE NEVER KNOW PEACE? HE ALMOST ENVIES THE FALLEN MEN ABOUT HIM. BURNING TEARS WELL UP IN HIS EYES, AND WHO IS TO SAY WHETHER IT IS THE PAIN OF HIS WOUNDS, OR THE STING OF SELF-PITY WHICH GIVES BIRTH TO THE TEARS.

STILL DO THE TEARS FLOW, BUT NOW THEY FALL FOR THE DEAD WHO SURROUND DAX. THEY MAY KNOW PEACE, BUT WILL THEY EVER FEEL AGAIN THE JOYS OF LIFE? EATING AFTER A LONG HUNGER! DRINKING AWAY A DEEP THIRST! SLEEPING! LOVING?

RESOLUTION. NOW DAX GRIPS HIS SWORD. A DETERMINED SCOWL CROSSES HIS FEATURES... HIS DECISION IS MADE.

HE DOES NOT ENVY THE DEAD.

TURNING TOWARDS A HORSE THAT HAS SURVIVED THE BATTLE, DAX APPROACHES IT, SPEAKING SOOTHINGLY.

EASY, BOY, EASY. DEATH CANNOT KEEP ME HERE, AND I SCARCELY FEEL THE NECESSITY TO AWAIT HIS RETURN. YOU CAN BEAR ME AWAY FROM THIS DEATH-BEFOULED LAND.

EVEN AS HE TURNS TO GO, DAX HEARS A CHILLING VOICE CALL TO HIM.

WHAT, DAX, WOULD YOU LEAVE ME SO SOON? YOU HAVE NOT YET GIVEN ME YOUR REPLY. WILL YOU COME WITH ME OR NO?

NAY, GRIM ONE. YOU MAY NOT CLAIM ME. I *LIVE!* NOR DO I WISH TO ACCOMPANY YOU TO YOUR COLD LAND! LEAVE ME NOW. IF YOU HAD THE POWER TO TAKE ME YOU WOULD HAVE DONE SO LONG BEFORE THIS! ***BEGONE!***

VERY WELL, WARRIOR! IT IS YOUR DECISION, FOR INDEED I HAVE NO POWER OVER THOSE STILL LIVING. YOU CLING TO LIFE SO STUBBORNLY, SO TENACIOUSLY, I HAVE IT NOT WITHIN ME TO WEAN YOU FROM IT. RETURN TO THE LIVING, THEN, WARRIOR! ***RETURN TO THE LIVING AND BE DAMNED.***

DAX FEELS HIMSELF FALLING AWAY FROM HIS DARK-VISAGED NEMESIS. DOWN HE DRIFTS, AND EVER DOWN UNTIL THE GLOWING ORB WHICH SURROUNDED THE REAPER BURSTS INTO A STRANGE PATTERN INTERMIXING BLACK AND WHITE AS IF TO ECHO THE PATTERN WOVEN BY LIFE AND DEATH.

SLOWLY, THE LIGHT TAKES PRECEDENCE, AND DAX OPENS HIS EYES TO FIND HIMSELF ONCE AGAIN ON THE BLOOD-STAINED FIELD. DEAD BODIES LITTER THE GROUND ABOUT HIM, AND CARRION STILL SCREECH TO UNHEEDING SKIES. DIMLY HE FEELS THE PRESENCE OF THE GRIM REAPER, A PRESENCE WHICH SMIRKS AND GLOATS. A PRESENCE WHICH WHISPERS: "RETURN TO THE LIVING AND BE DAMNED."

HE FEELS THE DULL THROBBING ACHE WHICH PERVADES HIS BODY. HE STRAINS TO ARISE, BUT NO MOTION COMES. MUSCLES TWITCH SPASMODICALLY, BUT WITHOUT DIRECTION OR PURPOSE. NOW EVEN THE PAIN BEGINS TO FADE, AND DAX WONDERS AT THE LOSS OF SENSATION. "THAT LAST SWORD THRUST IN THE BATTLE DAMAGED MY SPINE. I LIVE BUT I CANNOT MOVE. I BREATHE BUT CANNOT FEEL." ONE LAST TIME HE HEARS THE HAUNTING WHISPER, AS IF FROM VERY FAR AWAY: "RETURN TO THE LIVING AND BE DAMNED."

IF HE COULD SCREAM... HE WOULD.

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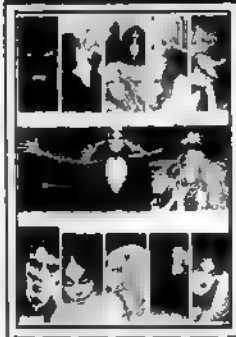

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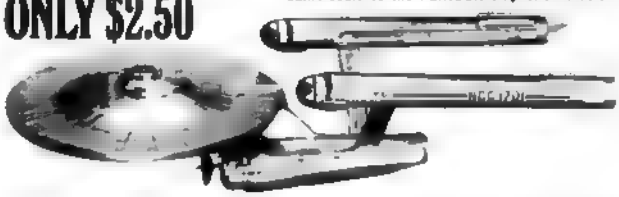

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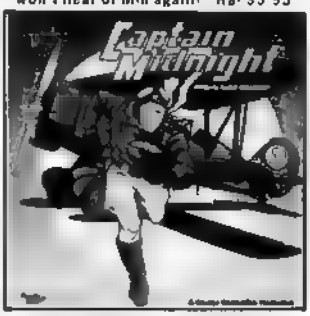

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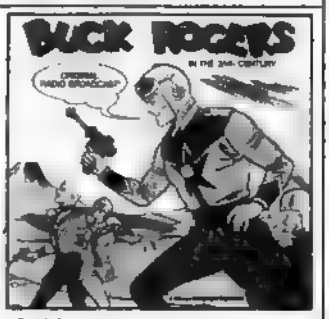

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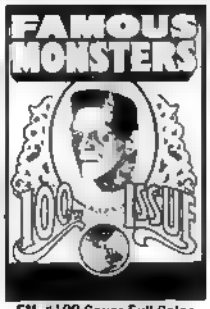

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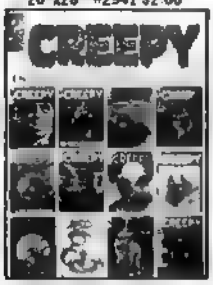

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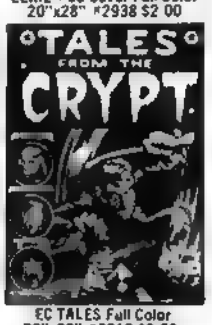

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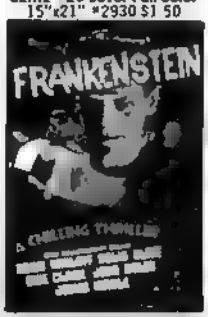

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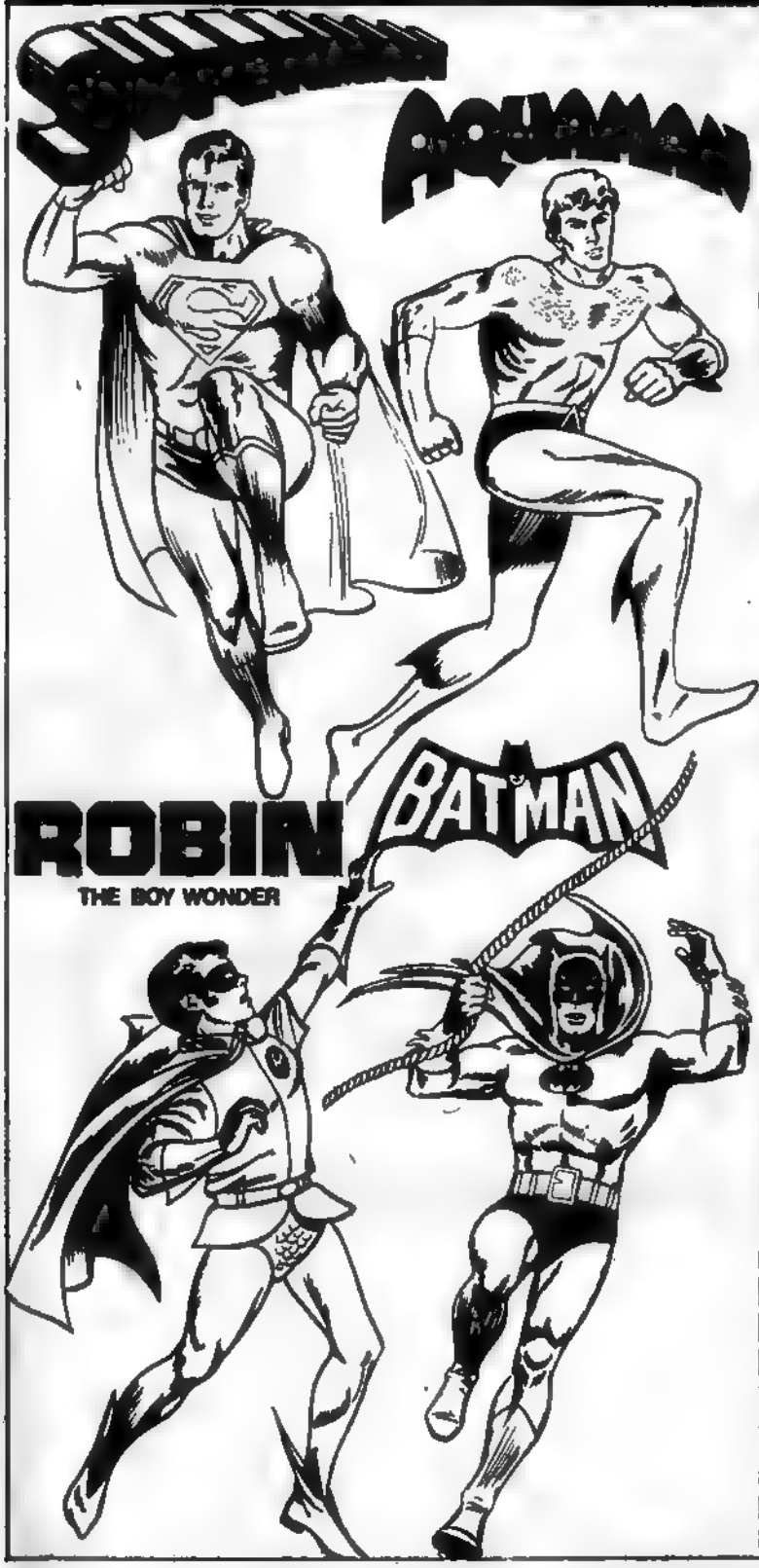

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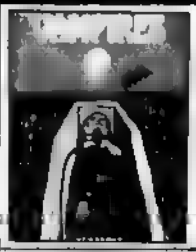

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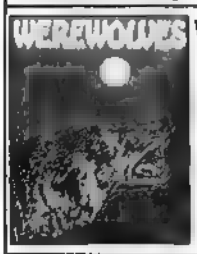

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HORRIFIC UNDEAD SKELETONS MOVE WITH ZAP ACTION

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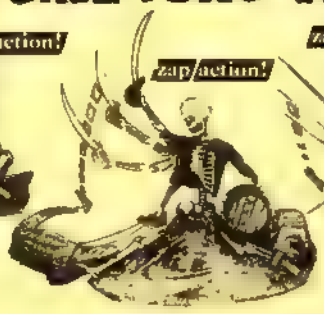
Dead Man's Raft #2452 $3.00



Condemned to Chains Forever #2453 $2.00

Hoist High the Jolly Roger #2451 $1.50

Dead Men Tell No Tales #2450 $1.50

Weird ghoulies wave their swords, brandish their pistols! They're the salty Skeleton Crew of notorious Captain Yrizmy himself! Never before have pirates been more ghastly and loathsome! Not only do these model kits make the skull and crossbones of Captain YRizmy's JOLLY ROGER look like a Hallery portrait, but these clattering cages of calcium MOVE, too!

Open the sea-chest on the DEAD MAN'S RAFT, and a hidden skeleton pops out, slamming his dagger into the treasure map! ZAP/ACTION! A marooned skeleton CONDEMNED TO CHAINS FOREVER fights an eternal battle with a hungry alligator, ceaselessly slashing his cutlass down upon the gator's snout! ZAP/ACTION! The FATE OF THE MUTINEERS is quickened as which one skeleton yank his friend's arm, right out of its socket! ZAP/ACTION!

This is a galleonful of model kits you dare not miss!

FILL OUT THIS COUPON WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME!

- ☐ (2450) DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES ($1.50 plus 60¢ postage & handling, total $2.10)
- ☐ (2451) HOIST HIGH THE JOLLY ROGER ($1.50 plus 60¢ postage & handling, total $2.10)
- ☐ (2452) DEAD MAN'S RAFT ($3.00 plus 60¢ postage & handling, total, $3.60)
- ☐ (2453) CONDEMNED TO CHAINS FOREVER ($2.00 plus 60¢ postage & handling, total $2.60)
- ☐ (2454) FATE OF THE MUTINEERS ($2.00 plus 60¢ postage & handling, total $2.60)

RUSH ME the following PIRATES OF THE CARRIBEAN ZAP ACTION HOBBY KIT(S). Enclosed is $ _____ INCLUDING 60¢ POSTAGE AND HANDLING FOR EACH KIT CHECKED.

CAPTAIN COMPANY
P.O. Box 430, Murray Hill Station
New York, N.Y. 10016

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

Sorry, no C.O.D.s, add $2.50 for extra postage and handling on orders outside the U.S.A.

Now! The most CREEPY and EERIE masks ever!

SENSATIONALLY REALISTIC!
UNCLE CREEPY MASK

WEIRDLY LIFE-LIKE!
COUSIN EERIE MASK

You screamed for it -and here they are! Custom masks modeled after your favorite fearmakers UNCLE CREEPY and COUSIN EERIE. Created exclusively for us by Don Post Studios, these extra heavy rubber masks are hand-colored and designed to cover the ENTIRE HEAD and still be flexible. Why just read about these two MERRY MONSTERS when you can actually BE them in these weirdly wonderful masks! Send in the coupon below NOW for your crawly collector's item!

SEND TO: CREEPY-EERIE MASKS, c/o CAPTAIN COMPANY
P.O. Box 430
Murray Hill Station
New York, N.Y. 10016

Please rush me the following, for which I enclose $_____

☐ Fabulous CREEPY Mask ($4.95 plus 49¢ postage & handling)
☐ Fiendish EERIE Mask ($4.95 plus 49¢ postage & handling)

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____
STATE_____ ZIP_____

MOVIE MASKS

DIRECT FROM HOLLYWOOD EACH ONE COVERS THE ENTIRE HEAD

Super De-Luxe heavy rubber masks cover the ENTIRE HEAD and still remain flexible. There are also some monster hands available (see coupon). Exactly the actual masks and hands used in the famous Uuiversal movies. Created for us exclusively by Hollywood's Don Post Studios and featuring the Secret Hollywood Skin-Textured Formula. Each remarkable mask is painted by hand and will be a Collector's Item you'll treasure for years to come!

THE MAD DOCTOR

MOLE PEOPLE

THE PHANTOM

MR. HYDE

GORILLA

BLACK LAGOON CREATURE

WOLFMAN

MUMMY

FRANKENSTEIN

MASKS MAILED TO YOU DIRECTLY FROM HOLLYWOOD

Please rush me the following for which I enclose $_____

- ☐ THE MAD DOCTOR MASK ($39.50)
- ☐ MOLE PEOPLE MASK ($39.50)
- ☐ 2 MOLE PEOPLE HANDS ($17.50)
- ☐ THE PHANTOM MASK ($39.50)
- ☐ 2 PHANTOM HANDS ($17.50)
- ☐ MR. HYDE MASK ($39.50)
- ☐ 2 MR. HYDE HANDS ($17.50)
- ☐ THE GORILLA ($39.50)
- ☐ 2 GORILLA HANDS ($17.50)
- ☐ THE CREATURE MASK ($39.50)
- ☐ 2 CREATURE HANDS ($17.50)
- ☐ WOLFMAN MASK ($39.50)
- ☐ 2 WOLFMAN HANDS ($17.50)
- ☐ THE MUMMY MASK ($39.50)
- ☐ 2 MUMMY HANDS ($17.50)
- ☐ FRANKENSTEIN MASK ($39.50)
- ☐ 2 FRANKENSTEIN HANDS ($17.50)

CAPTAIN COMPANY
P.O. Box 430, Murray Hill Station
New York, N.Y. 10016

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____
STATE_____ ZIP_____

Please add $1.50 postage & handling for each mask and $1 for each pair of hands.

Sorry, no C.O.D.s, add $2.50 for extra postage and handling on orders outside the U.S.A.

EERIE BACK ISSUES

ORDER YOUR BACK ISSUES NOW!

BEEN FEELING CREEPY LATELY? EERIFY YOURSELF BY SENDING FOR THESE MONSTERIFFIC BACK ISSUES TODAY . . . OR WE'LL HANG YOU BY YOUR OVERSTUFFED GOLEM!

DON'T WAIT! MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!!!

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- ☐ #39 ($1.50)
- ☐ #40 ($1.50)
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- ☐ #42 ($1.75)
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- ☐ #45 ($1.25)
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- ☐ #50 ($1.00)
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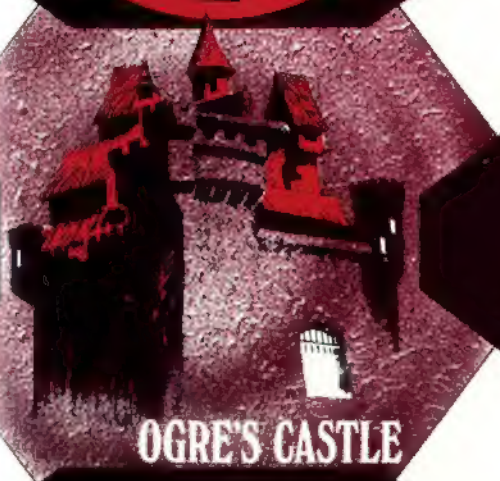
SPINNER



HOW TO ASSEMBLE YOUR GAME

1. TO ASSEMBLE your game, carefully remove the cover from the spine of this magazine. Take care not to rip the cover in half when you're taking it off. For best results, remove the staples first, then lift off the game intact.
2. Clip off the player tokens and the player cards from the left hand side of the game.
3. Tokens and CARDS should then be pasted to a thin sheet of cardboard. (An old cereal box will do nicely.)
4. Cut out each CARD along the solid black lines.
5. Cut out the player tokens, and the base of each token. So that the tokens will stand on their own, cut a thin slit along the dotted line in the token and the token's base. Fit slits together, and tokens will stand by themselves.
6. Next paste the game board to a sturdy piece of cardboard. (The best one for the side of a cardboard box.) This will even out the folds you'll have in your game, and make the playing surface smoother for tokens to stand on. It'll also prolong the life of your game.
7. Finally, cut out the arrow for the spinner. Stick a straight pin through the center of the arrow, making sure that the hole is large enough so the arrow will swivel freely around the pin. A push pin or a thumbtack will work just as well if you don't have a straight pin handy. Now you're ready for hours of terrific summer fun. Enjoy!

Players lose nothing by making accusations that are proven false. It is ONLY by making accusations that you will be able to eventually deduce the three elements of the crime. When no other player can produce a card to DISPROVE your accusation, chances are pretty good that you have won, and may look at the three cards on the board holding the answer to the crime. But be careful! If you pause a bit and look at the cards before giving the other players a chance to disprove your claim, and if that you are WRONG, you are disqualified for the rest of the game.

GENERAL RULES

Each may make only one accusation per visit when landing in one of the five houses. Should they be to make another accusation in that same house later, they must first LEAVE the house and return on where they are able. When STARTING the game, from the Ogre's Castle, no player may make an accusation until he has reached ANOTHER HOUSE. He must RETURN to the Ogre's Castle if he wishes make an accusation there.

STRATEGY HINTS

Your opponents are good detectives, they will be watching you and the other players carefully! When someone else's accusation by showing him a card, make sure that you do NOT allow other players to see that card. They will be that much closer to discovering the three elements of the crime.

GAME CREATED BY BILL DuBAY

CREEPY

Old man Jennings was hanged... and left to ROT so that all may see. He dared to cut down a tree in the Baron's forest... a tree the Baron claimed was his BROTHER!

SPARE THAT TREE!

A warrior-thief awakens a sleeping beauty... but finds that her beauty is cursed. DEATH awaits any man who touches her!

SOUL AND SHADOW

NEXT ISSUE ON SALE OCTOBER 11

COMING IN OUR FUTURE ISSUES...

FIVE EERIE SUPER-STARS ARE COMING YOUR WAY!

COMING YOUR WAY ONLY IN EERIE

NEXT ISSUE ON SALE OCTOBER 25

AND IN FUTURE ISSUES OF VAMPIRELLA

There is a legend... of a beautiful young girl who is DAMNED... forced to hunt the streets at night, in the form of a PANTHER... seeking human prey!

PANTHA

UNDEAD OF THE DEEP

Rising from out of the Scottish moors... from the depths of LOCH EERIE, comes a heinous creature who has cursed the MacDaemons for two hundred years! It comes searching for easy prey. It comes for VAMPIRELLA!

NEXT ISSUE ON SALE OCTOBER 2